No. 167
June '74
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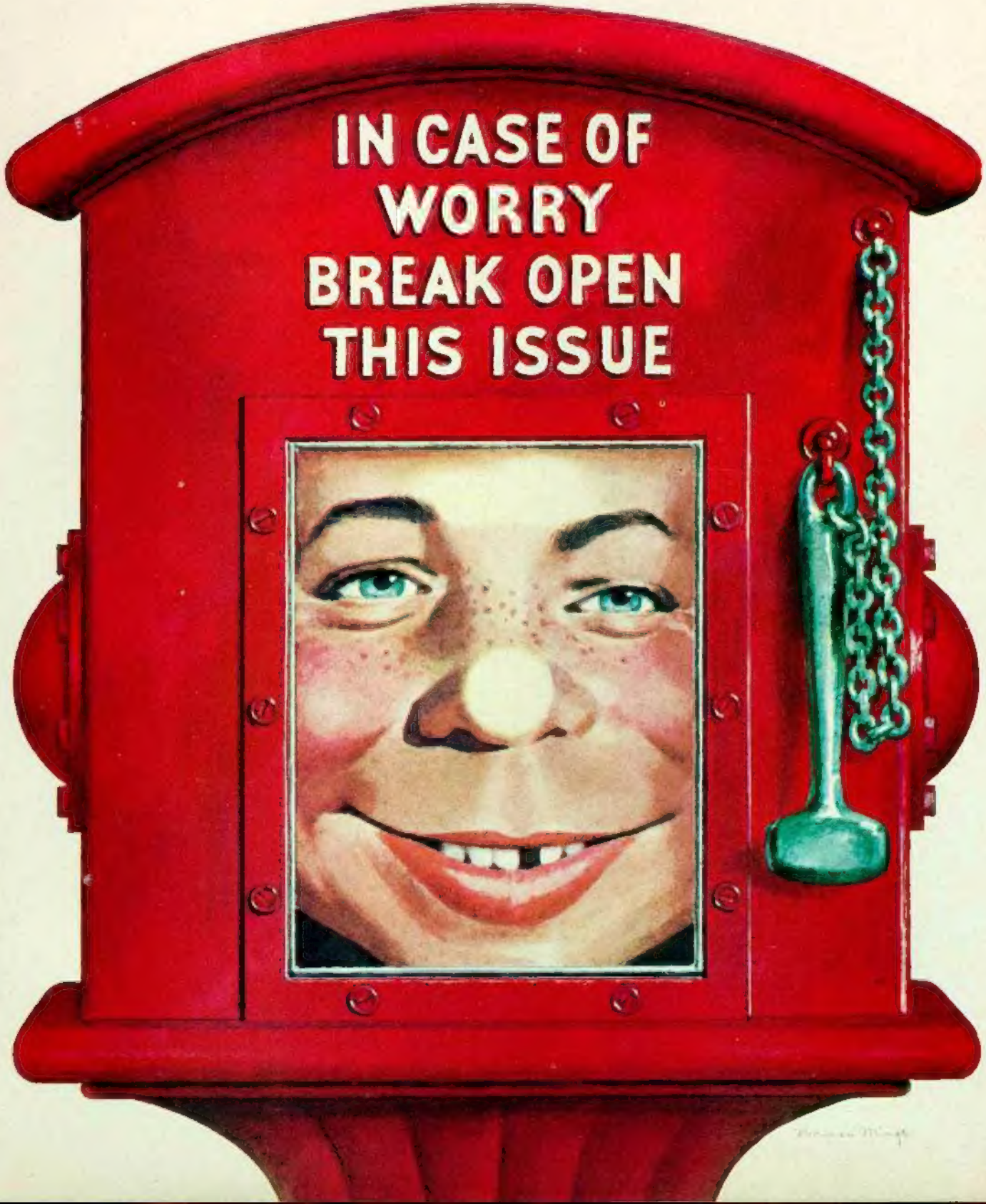

A SWINGING JUNGLE TALE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: HUMBERTO DE LA TORRE

NUMBER 167 JUNE 1974

MAD

"Don't worry about forgetting your girl-friend's birthday: you'll catch it later!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June 1974, Volume 1, No. 167. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1974 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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DEPRESSION PREDICTED!

Yep, we predict we'll be depressed again when no one responds to this ad offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping apples. However, you can keep us off the bread line, by putting your bread on the line! Mainly, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

8 "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES

My loyal Korean manservant, Oddish, got hold of my MAD and read your "8 'James Bomb' Bomb Movies". He wanted to tip his hat to everybody responsible, especially Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker, but I talked him out of it by showing him your *good* articles.

Richard Kyle
Long Beach, Calif.

All I could think of during "Live And Let Die" was how did a movie like that ever get anyone as talented as Paul McCartney to write a song for it? Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker are overqualified, too, but give them my congratulations, anyway!

Helene Lebavitz
Northbrook, Ill.

I am an avid James Bond fan, having seen every 007 film three times. Thank goodness you finally decided to honor my hero. At least, I think it was an honor.

Scott (007) Minty
Anaheim, Calif.

It really "exploded" on me! Drucker and Kogen are accurate BOMBardiers.

Steve Cianci
Ozane Park, N.Y.

UNAVOIDABLE EXERCISES

I laughed at "Unavoidable Exercises For The Urban Dweller" until I went... OUTSIDE!

Andrew Gordon
New York, N.Y.

HEADS . . . YOU LOSE!

I loved the poster on the back of issue #165. It was so sad, but perhaps it will be a joyful eye-opener to those who'll realize they can live without it... drugs!

Kristen McCarley
Los Angeles, Calif.

Referring to your back cover, "Heads ...You Lose!", to me that was a great service! In the past, you've utilized your back covers for *many* serious statements regarding the evils of smoking, drugs and political corruption. Your funny bone has lots of spine!

Adam Yeomans
Ft. Myers, Fla.

DON MARTIN COVER

The cover of your March issue was great! That's one way to save gas.

Bruce Myers
Vineland, N.J.

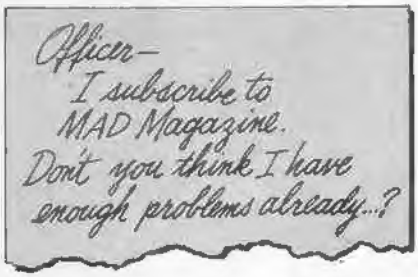
Don Martin's DRIVE-O-MAT cover was contrived and senseless! Who else but Alfred would take a thing like *that* out on the open road...?

Nora Sheehan
Rumson, N.J.

Apparently, someone else would, as Don indicates in his cover follow-up, "One Minute Later On The Same Highway."—Ed.

TICKET DETERRENTS

Dick De Bartolo forgot one very sure-fire summons dodge in his "Sure-Fire Ticket Deterrents For Frustrated Drivers", a note that will melt the heart of any policeman:



Michael Wittenberg
Springfield, N.J.

"REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

I noticed that in the entire article "MAD Visits The 'Realistic School Of Medicine' ", there is only one woman student involved. This is an "unrealistic" bias, but maybe you know that no woman would go to a school like that, or, for that matter, could ever become a lousy doctor.

Rebecca Caplan
Lexington, Mass.

As a new Physician, Ohio State, Class of 1972, I nearly laughed myself sick over the "Realistic School Of Medicine" article by Larry Siegel and Paul Coker. They deserve the Teakwood Tongue Depressor Award for their astute diagnosis. Don't ever get bed-ridden, if you know what's good for you!

Linda Parenti, M.D.
Akron, Ohio

THE DULLTONS

I don't think it's fair that you make fun of a perfectly good program like "The Waltons". If you think that you need violence, action, controversy, cops, private-eyes, crime and bloodshed, then go cut your wrist. You'll get action! Just because you don't have any sense, don't pick on something that does. Try growing up. I'm only twelve but that's how I look at it.

Tammy Blanchard
Fairhaven, Mass.

Maybe "The Waltons", which Lou Silverstone and Angelo Torres deflate as "The Dulltons", is calculated to make us count our blessings. Well, it doesn't work! I confess that I watch the show, but in the true American Way, I ask myself: What are the Rockefellers doing tonight?

Elaine Schmidt
Levittown, Pa.

LIGHTER SIDE OF COLD WEATHER

Sorry I waited so long to compliment Dave Berg on his chilling "Lighter Side Of Cold Weather", but the day I went out to mail the letter, the mailbox lid was frozen shut.

Charles Schor
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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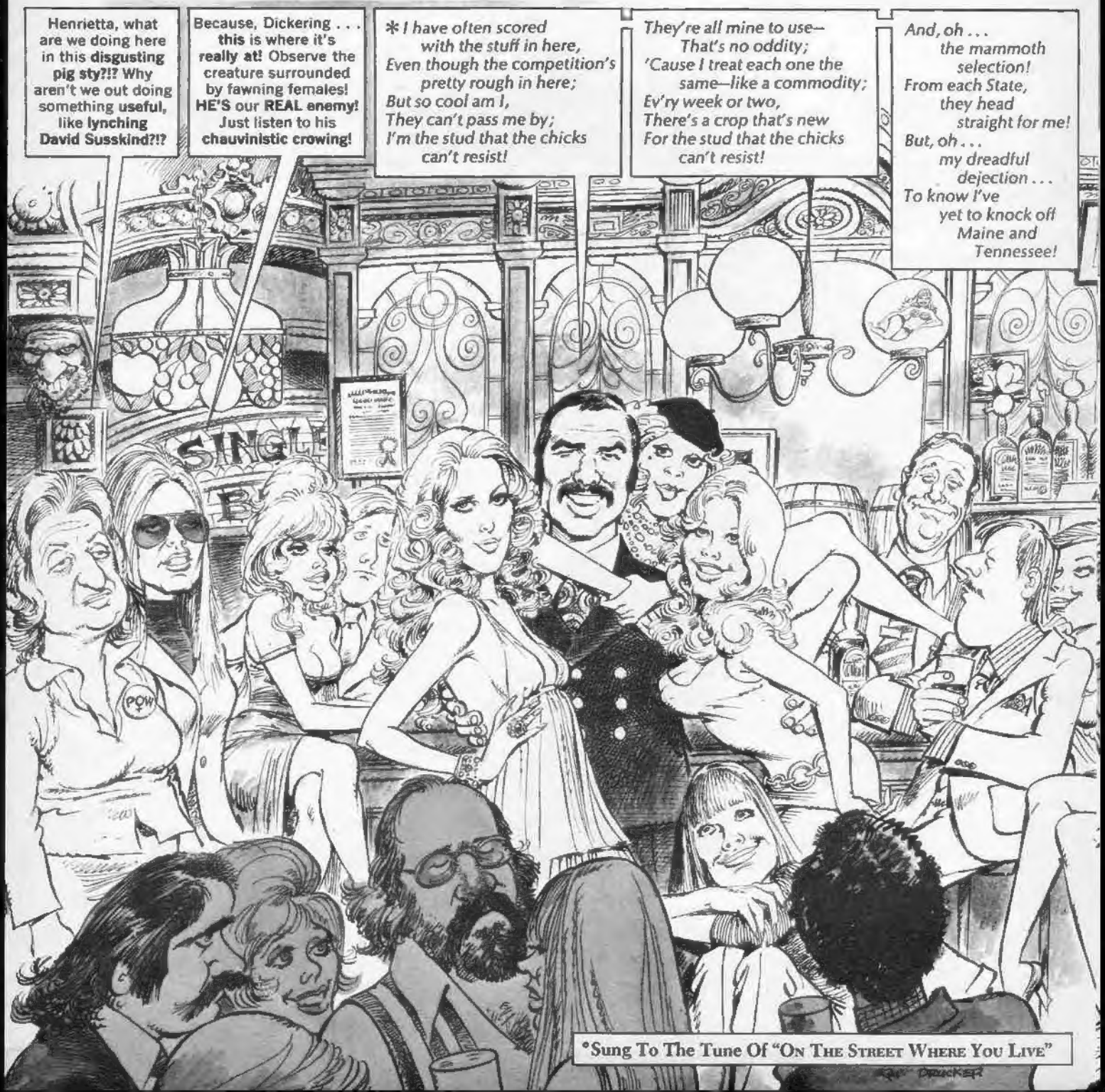
MALE CHAUVINIST PIG-MALION DEPT.

They finally got around to showing "My Fair Lady" on TV. There was only one thing wrong. They were about five years too late! After all, what's relevant about a scheming man who transforms a low-class flower girl into an elegant lady? Today, it's *women* who are trying to change *men!* Namely . . . the Women's Liberationists, who are battling to reform the Male Chauvinist Pigs! Now, *that's relevant!* And so, with this in mind, MAD liberates this outdated musical with a new version—

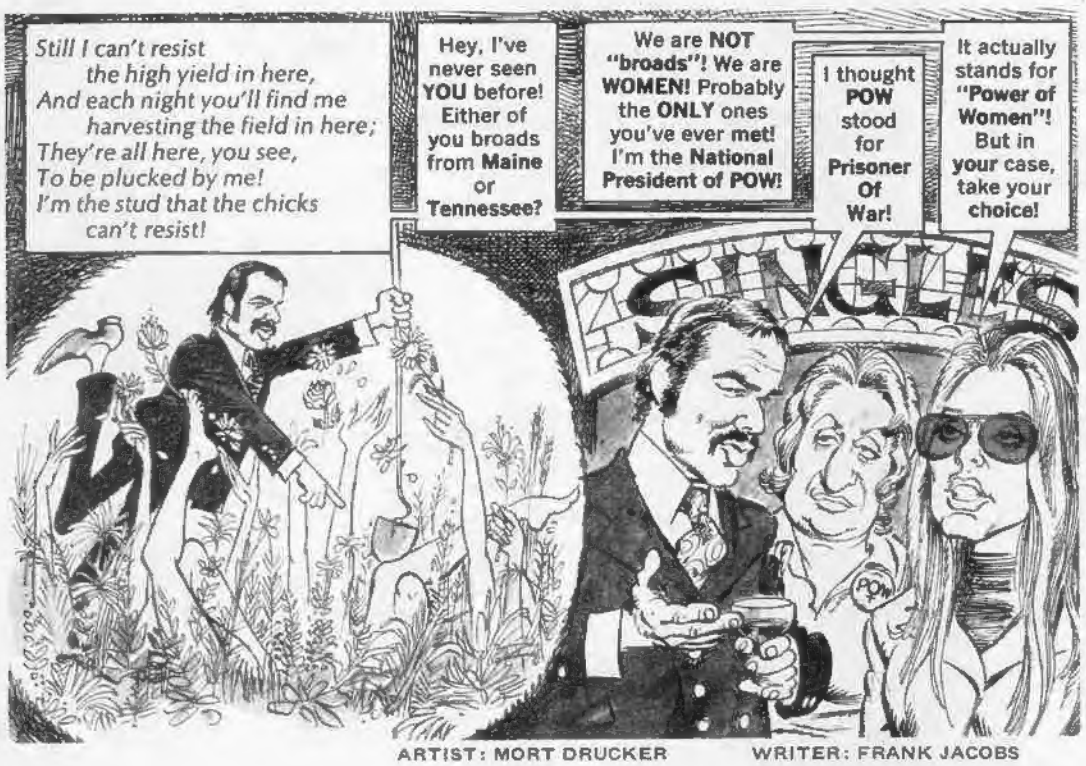
MY

SCENE ONE: A Singles Bar In New York City...



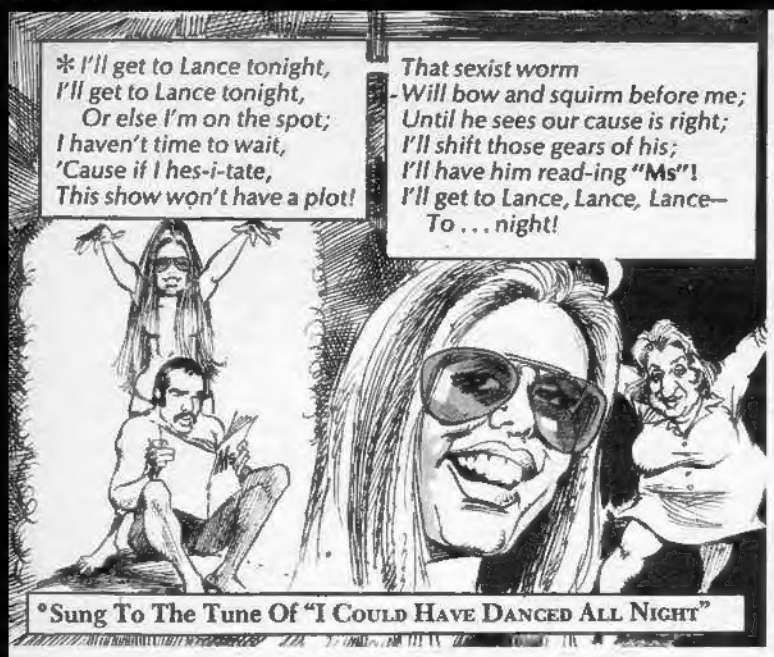
*Sung To The Tune Of "On The Street Where You Live"

FAIR LADDIE

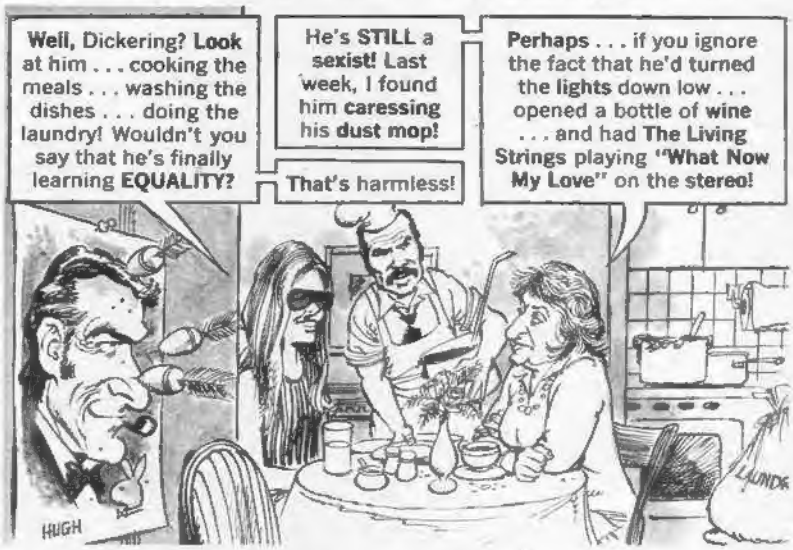


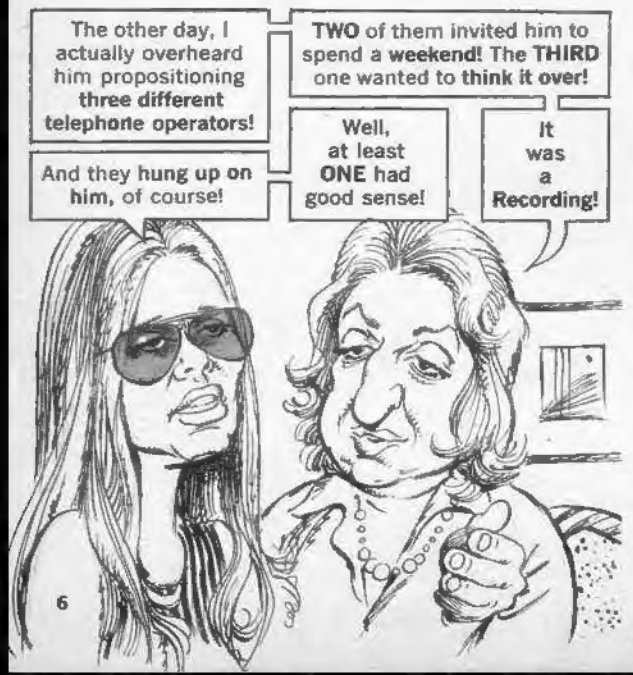
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

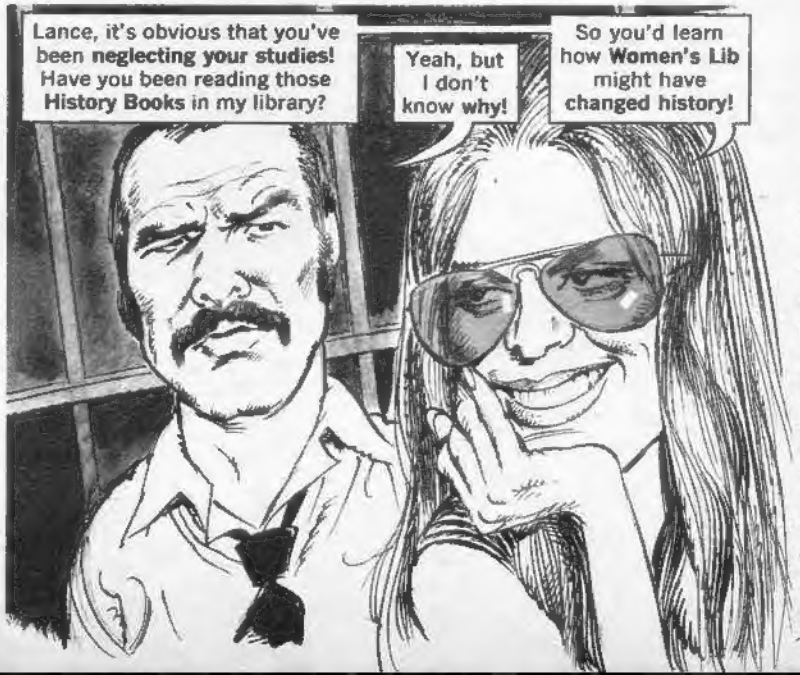
*Sung To The Tune Of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face!"



SCENE TWO:
Henrietta's Apartment, Two Months Later







*We know the way John Alden snowed Priscilla,
And Captain Stand-ish wound up double crossed;
We know the way John Alden snowed Priscilla—
But . . .
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
She'd have told the pigs to both get lost!

With a little bit! With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib, she'd yell, "Get Lost!"

We saw Neil Arm-strong make the first moon land-ing;
Then venture out to see what he could find;
We saw Neil Armstrong make the first moon landing—
But . . .
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
He'd have made that leap "for **WO-MAN** kind"!

With a little bit! With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib for womankind!

Oh . . .
We've been taught Eve came from Adam,
But with a little bit of Lib,
She'd need no rib!

*Sung To The Tune Of "With A Little Bit Of Luck"

The great da Vinci painted Mona Lisa;
Today the por-trait makes us ooh and ahh;
The great da Vinci painted Mona Lisa—
But . . .
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
She'd have posed for him without a bra!

With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib
She'd wear no bra!
With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit
Of Wo-men's Lib!

We know the way King Henry killed his women:
How he declared as wives they all were flops!
We know the way King Henry killed his women—
But . . .
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
They'd have zapped him with karate chops!

With a little bit! With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib,
Right in the chops!

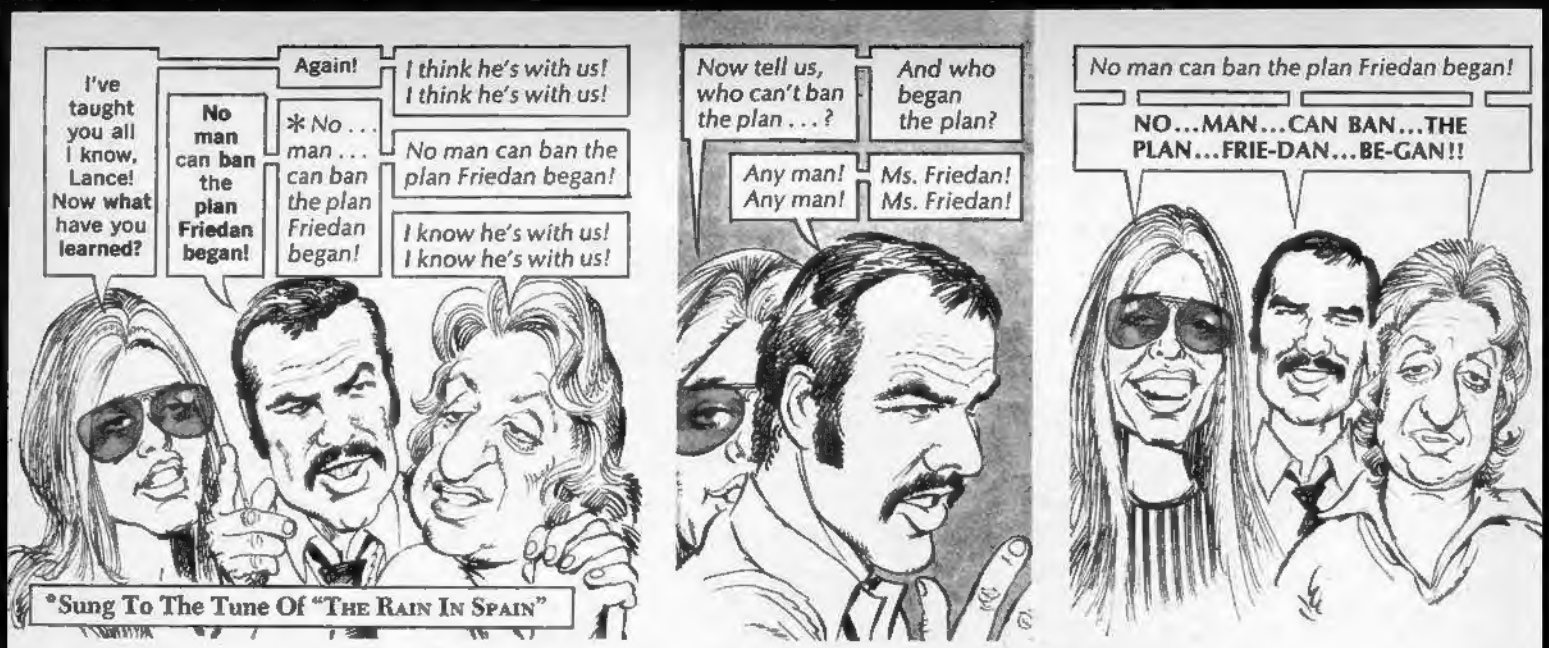
Queen Is-a-bella pawned her famous jew-els
To help Columbus find a brand-new land;
Queen Is-a-bella pawned her famous jew-els—
But . . .
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
She'd have pawned her husband, Ferd-i-nand!

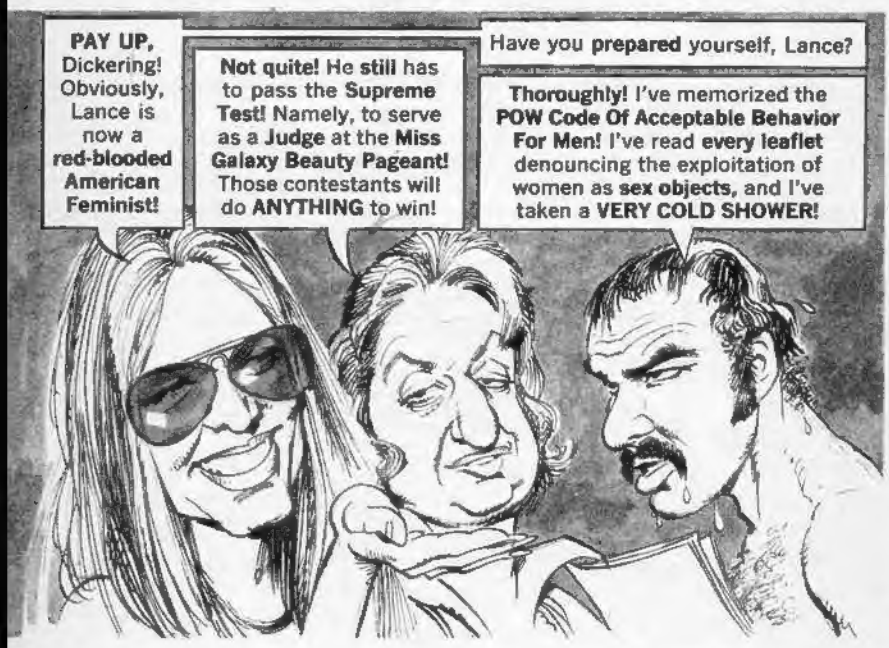
With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit
of Lib, no
Ferdinand!

We're told the male sex
is the stronger!
But with a little bit
of Lib, it's all
a fib!

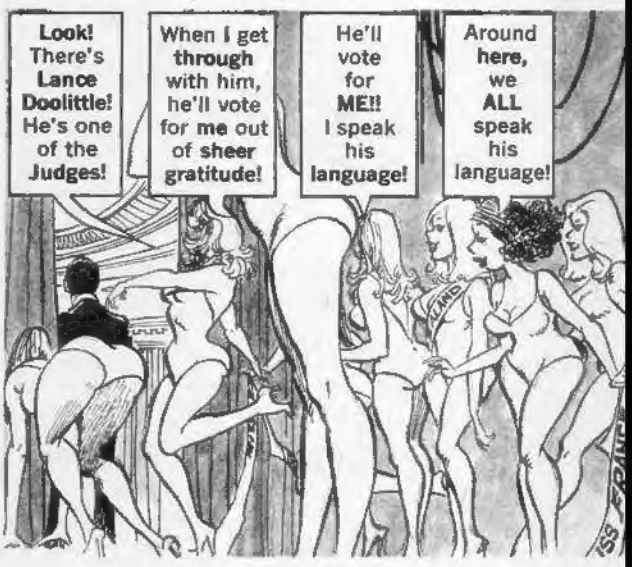
They went and carved men's faces on Mount Rushmore,
A more disgust-ing sight you'll never see;
They went and carved men's faces on Mount Rushmore—
But . . .
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
You'd see Bella, Shirley, you and me!

With a little bit,
With a little bit,
With a little bit
of Lib, up there
they'd be!
With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit
of Women's Lib!





SCENE THREE: The Beauty Pageant



My land is hot! I'm hotter still! I'm Miss Brazil! Try me!

My land is cold! If you desire, I'll light a fire! Try me!

Can't you see that in this world there's nothing like a Dane! Give me a chance! You'll go insane!

I can share with you the grooviest of groovy scenes! You'll find what "Down Under" means!

Get a new slant! Open my fan! I'm Miss Japan! Try me!

Should you agree! I'll give you free Steaks from my prized sacred cow! Try . . . me . . . now!

SCENE FOUR: Henrietta's Apartment

Oh, Henrietta! It was an incredible SUCCESS!!

Mere child's play! A silly bet!

Now, don't be modest! You've done more than win a bet! You've worked a MIRACLE!!

*Tonight you really showed 'em, You showed 'em, you showed 'em! You absolutely snowed 'em with our brain-washed lad!

Each time they kissed and hugged him, He told them they bugged him! Why, even if they drugged him, he could not be had!

*Sung To The Tune Of "You Did It!"

Magazines should name you "Women's Libber Of The Age"!

Steinem should proclaim that You're a genius, You're a sage!

It was easy! All so easy!

That's true! That's true!

But still we should allow That some of the glory goes to POW!

But you're the one who showed 'em, Who showed 'em, who showed 'em! You trained him like a basset And there's no one who'll outclass it, 'Cause they can't surpass it— Y-o u u-u-u-u-u-u-u . . . Showed . . . 'em!

Listen to them! She's taking the credit for what I've done! I'm the one who made the sacrifices! I'm the one who had to take cold showers! And for what? So she could grab all the glory! Some day, she's gonna get hers . . .

*You I hate, Henrietta, you I hate!
And I hope one day you find the perfect male!
He'll come on like Warren Beatty,
Call you "Baby," "Dear" and "Sweetie" –
What a fate, Henrietta, what a fate!

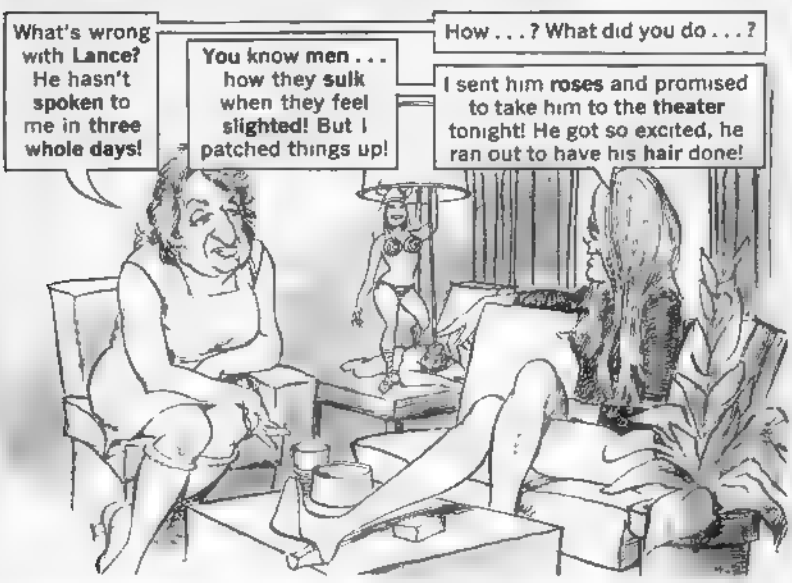
As a wife, Henrietta, as a wife,
May your marriage be a monument to strife,
With a husband like a jailer
Who will quote from Norman Mailer–
And for life, Henrietta, and for life!

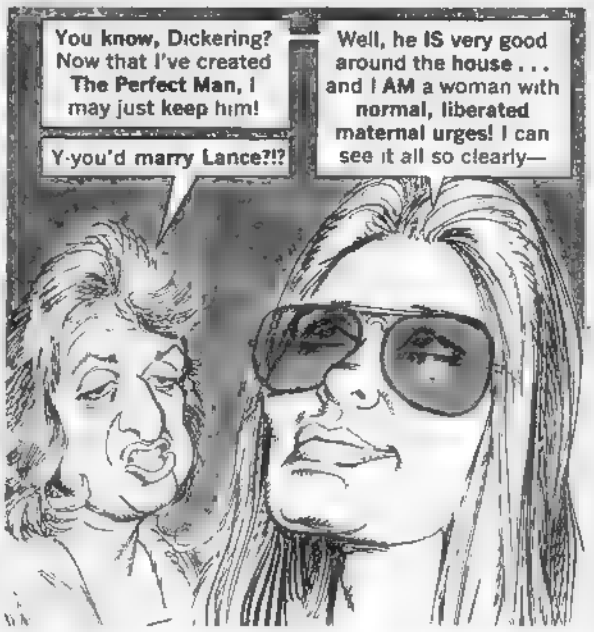
Ooooooooooh, Henrietta!
I can see you on your
deathbed weak and pale!
Ooooooooooh, Henrietta!
When it dawns on you that
God may be a **MALE!**

As the lights begin to dim
And you start to pray to **HIM!**
God will yell, Henrietta,
"Go to hell, Henrietta!
"You're...too.. late!"

*Sung To The Tune Of "Just You Wait!"

SCENE FIVE: A Few Days Later





*All I want is a child to bear,
One to nourish with loving care,
As long as I'm not there–
Oh, wouldn't it be Motherly!

Boys or girls, they'd be raised the same,
And to save them from lives of shame,
They'd take my Maid-en Name–
Oh, wouldn't it be Motherly!

When–I–visited them each Thursday
I'd find lots–to–do;
I–would–read them "Old Queen Cole"–and
"Joan And The Beanstalk," too!

Changing diapers can be a bore;
Mid-night feed-ings are such a chore;
But what are husbands for?
Oh, wouldn't–it–be–Motherly!

Motherly! Motherly! Motherly! Motherly!

*Sung To The Tune Of "Wouldn't It Be Loverly"

SCENE SIX: The POW National Convention

Yes, Lance would make the ideal mate! I'll propose to him immediately after he makes his big debut!

His DEBUT!? Where . . . ?

As the Keynote Speaker at the POW National Convention!

Women of POW! We've suffered under men, but no longer! Men can be CHANGED to suit our liberated needs! As proof, I now present to you a former male pig whom I have reformed into The Perfect Man . . . Lance Doolittle! Sing, Lance!

*You'll wear the pants, all right,
You'll wear the pants, all right,
When you lay down the laws;
You'll change the world's beliefs;
At home you'll be the Chiefs—
You know who'll be the Squaws!

DON'T MAKE DINNER TONIGHT. STARVE A RAT

POW NATIONAL CONVENTION

WOMEN UNITE NOW

*Sung To The Tune Of "I Could Have Danced All Night"

Though sexist pigs
Like Bobby Riggs
May taunt you,
They've got no chance
A-gainst your might!

Through rain and snow and hail,
You'll crush the U.S. male!
You'll wear the pants . . .
Pants . . . pants .
All right!

We won't stand for it, Henrietta!

For what?!? Creating The Perfect Man?

No . . . keeping him for yourself!!

We believe in equal rights for women!

So we're ALL going to have him! Try me, Lance—ME!!

I'm awfully sorry, Henrietta . . . but it seems I'm still irresistible to women!

*Once I was called a pig obnoxious,
Scorned as a chauvinistic swine;
Now that I've backed 'em,
Wow! I attract 'em!
These liberated chicks are mine!

I thought prosperity had ended,
Just like the Crash of '29!
Now they're investing!
I'm not protesting!
These liberated chicks are mine!

I heard these meet-ings were nothing scenes;
But now I've found what "Lib-erated" means!

I thought my swinging days were ov-er,
Now see them fight to get in line!
I'm on their team now!
My life's a dream now!
These liberated chicks
Who groove the latest kicks,
These way-out liberated chicks—are—mine!

POW

*Sung To The Tune Of "Get Me To The Church On Time"

BUCK FEVER DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT TH

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

CARRYING CHARGE

LOAN AGREEMENT

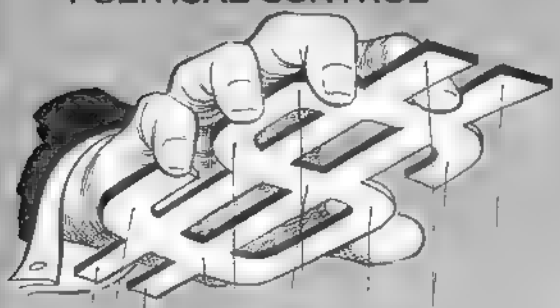
TIME IS MONEY

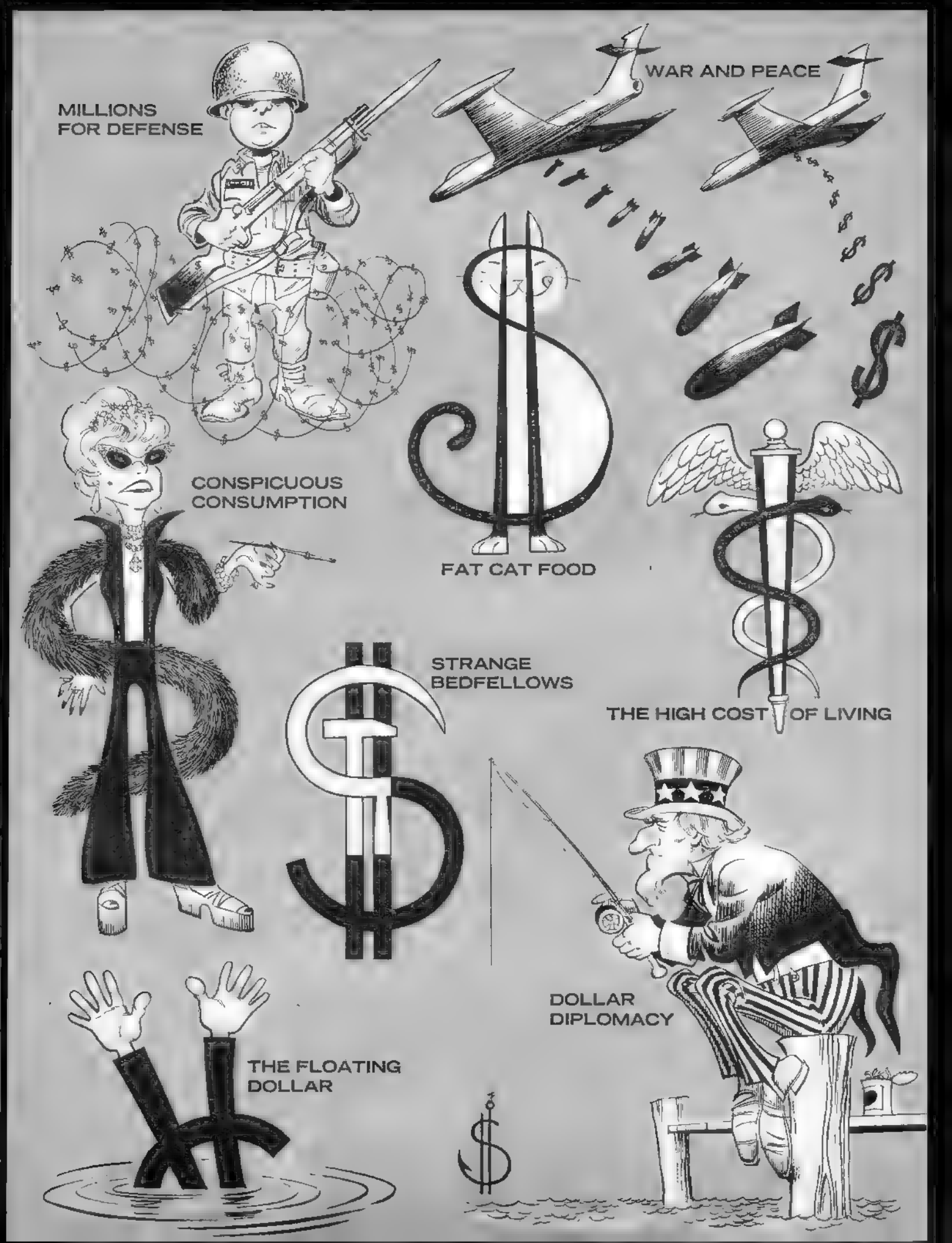
THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

E ALMIGHTY DOLLAR SIGN

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL




MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE
WAR AND PEACE
CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION
FAT CAT FOOD
THE HIGH COST OF LIVING
STRANGE BEDFELLOWS
DOLLAR DIPLOMACY
THE FLOATING DOLLAR

HACK FILM-MAKER DEPT.

Hello! I'm Mike Malice . . . and today we're going to do an "in depth" study of a recent Business Phenomenon! That's why I'm here with Mr. Kim Sai Shee, who has just been named

MAD'S "KARATE MOVIE" PRODUCER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Shee . . .

Noo goo gai kee!

Why, thank you! And what does that mean in English?

It means, "Ask me just one embarrassing question, feliah . . . and you can kiss your Adam's apple goodbye!"

I'll certainly be careful! Tell us, Mr. Shee, why did you go into making Karate Films?

I wanted to give my life meaning, and so I decided to dedicate myself to ART!

Some say your movies are merely a way of making a FAST BUCK!

So? That's the "ART" I'm talking about!

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART

My . . . you certainly have an active movie studio!

Yes, I make four pictures a week . . . all on very modest budgets!

Wow! Four a week! How do you do it?

Naturally, to keep up that pace, some things must be left out of my movies!

Like what?

Like a plot, good acting and decent photography!

BAP

Is this a movie being filmed now?

Ur—I don't quite understand!

TWO movies! I shoot them both at the same time!

It's simple! The first guy is saying, "There he GOES, through the window!" And the second guy is saying, "Here he COMES . . . through the window!" Cuts costs in half!

In every Karate movie, you need **two things!** One skinny **Hero,** and ten fat **Villains!** Here . . . the Villains are attacking the Hero, one at a time! They **always** attack the Hero, one at a time!

Is that an **old Chinese custom?**

No, silly!

Then **why** don't they **ALL** attack him at the **same time?**

If they **DID,** they'd beat his **brains** out!

Another feature of our movie is the **"Big Gang Battle"!** Fights with **two** or **three hundred people** are **not uncommon!**

My God! All those **actors!** It must cost you a **fortune!** How much do you **pay** each one?

Two pounds a day!

Two pounds? In English currency, that's . .

What English currency! I'm talking about **RICE!**

PAY MASTER

Actors will work for only two pounds of rice?

Better still, they'll work for **nothing!** Watch this!

Attention, all Extras! I have only enough rice to pay **half** of you . . . so . . . **first come, first served!**

PAY MASTER

That's how I get my **mob fight scenes!** And for **half the price!**

Mr. Shee, I—I'm **shocked!** You are a **very unscrupulous person!**

Thanks, but **save** your **admiration** till our **next stop!**

Now here is where we **DUB IN** the English **dialogue!** See the movie they are showing on the screen?

What about it?

Well, when we're **through** dubbing in **THIS** one, we **cut it up,** scene by scene **re-splice it,** dub in **ALL NEW dialogue** and **presto!** We have **TWO** movies for the price of **ONE!**

But that's . . . **dishonest!**

Not at all! Actually, I'm only doing what the Critics **tell** people!

Oh . . . ? And what's **that?**

If you see **ONE** Karate Movie, you've seen them **ALL!**

Mr. Shee, what are the **most important elements** in a Karate Movie?

Violence, gore, disfigurement and **death!** Mike, we show **life like it really is!**

But life isn't **LIKE** that!

It **will be,** after enough people start **imitating** what they see in my **pictures!**

What is your **biggest single expense** in making a Karate Movie?

Red paint! We use **buckets** of the stuff! Audiences just **love** the sight of **blood!** Unfortunately, we **ran out**, yesterday!

Did you **stop filming?**

Of course not! We merely made a **practical substitution!**

I know! You used **KETCHUP!**

No . . . **REAL KNIVES!!** Look . . . I just saved **four more pounds of rice!**

Mr. Shee, I think this man is **very seriously hurt!**

Nonsense! He only **LOOKS** very seriously hurt! Actually, he's **DEAD!**

And you feel no sense of **remorse?**

Life it **too short** for **regrets!** Look how short **HIS** was!

Mr. Shee, why do you think your Karate Movies are so **popular** back in the **United States?**

Because they cleverly combine **our ancient Oriental traditions** with **your modern American traditions!**

Your ancient Oriental tradition of **Karate?**

Right! With **your** modern American tradition of **brutal MURDER!**

They look **very good!**

The **ARE!** They have achieved the **second highest rank** that is **attainable** by Karate men! The **BLACK BELT!**

The **SECOND HIGHEST?** And what is the **FIRST** highest?

The belt that I have attained!

And what one is **that?**

The **MONEY BELT!** You will notice this interview isn't **all work** and **no fun!**

Here's an important scene from my **next** big Karate movie, **"Toes of Terror"!**

Why call it that?

Because the **Hero never bathes!**

See, the Villain's threatening to rip the Hero's **nose** off!

Yes, I see! Does he **do it . . . ?**

I sure **hope so!** I can't stand **happy endings!**

And who is SHE . . . ?

A **new wrinkle!** In this day of **Women's Lib,** I've introduced a **WOMAN Hero** who saves the **MAN Hero!**

Why does she **shout** when she hits the **board . . . ?**

It's an **old Chinese custom!** We **scream** like that when we're in **terrible pain!**

YAHH

That's **DISGUSTING** . . . smashing **crockery** and **wood** to make it **sound** as if you're **breaking bones and teeth** . . . !

Don't be an **idiot!** We smash crockery and wood to **cover** the **REAL sound** of bones and teeth breaking!

That little girl is fighting for **Star Billing!** If she lets **up one little bit**, it's back to **"One from Column A, two from Column B . . ."** for her!

SNAP CRASH POP KRACKLE SNAP SNAP KLINK SNAP KRACKLE POP

Well, Mr. Shee . . . making a Karate Movie is certainly **a terrifying experience!**

Listen, I've got an even MORE terrifying experience for you . . .

NOW SHOWING

Sitting in the **audience** . . . **watching** a Karate Movie!

Man, I love **blood** and **gore** as much as the **next guy**, but a **Karate Movie Audience** is **SOMETHING ELSE!**

COMING SOON KILL KILL KILL

KILL! **MAIM!** **DISFIGURE!** **HURT A LOT!**

Well, they obviously enjoy encouraging the **Hero** of the movie!

What movie? They're encouraging a little kid in the **third row** who's arguing with his **Mother!**

This is the most **revolting thing I've ever seen!** How can you **live** with yourself . . knowing that you **promote immorality** without a **pang of conscience**, while you **brazenly cheat the American Public?!?**

I feel a lot **cleaner** than the guy who produced the **Documentary** they're showing **next!**

What's that . . . ?

MAD

A SALUTE TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

This is **Mike Malice** . . . turning you back to **MAD Magazine** . . .

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE FINE EVENING IN THE CASTLE

You Know There's SOM

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . the butcher accidentally drops his pencil on the scale . . . and the dial shows it weighs four pounds!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . the teacher's nephew copies off your examination paper, and he gets an "A". . . but you flunk!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . the gift that comes in a "Saks Fifth Avenue" box has a "Montgomery Ward" label!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . your cousin, who's always hated you, calls you up at the last minute to ask you to go to the Senior Prom!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . the same gas station attendant who sold you a new fan belt just last week claims you need a new fan belt!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . the cop offers to collect your traffic fine right now, and save you a trip to Court!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . your ten-year-old claims his teacher has assigned him to read "The Sensuous Woman"!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN . . .

. . . your new tenant swears that she doesn't have any pets . . . but her suitcase is wagging its tail!

ETHING FISHY When...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... you're turned down for a date because the girl says she has to stay home and wash her hair ... on New Year's Eve!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... you notice that the only other customer in the all-night laundromat didn't bring any laundry!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... you're notified that you've just won a free week-end vacation trip ... to a Florida real estate development!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... the barber won't let you look in the mirror after he's finished giving you a haircut!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... the doctor warmly reassures you, but then calls your family aside to discuss your condition!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... your $75 camera disappears the very same day your little brother makes a "neat trade" for a $20 bicycle!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...

... you return home and discover that your baby sitter has used up six quarts of club soda and all of your ice cubes!

WITHDRAWN AND QUARTERED DEPT.

WHAT IS AN

Between the time you are first wheeled out in your stroller, and the time you are last wheeled out on a stretcher, you are bound to roll over a large, dull object known as an Introvert. Such near fatal collisions are unavoidable because Introverts always travel down the road of life headed in the wrong direction . . . with their lights turned off. And they never, ever warn you of their approach by blowing their horns.

Introverts are individuals who spend a lot of time alone, thinking about themselves. Unfortunately, that subject is so limited that they have plenty of idle hours left over to come out and get in other people's way. This most often happens in libraries, where they occupy your favorite seat memorizing chess books in case they should ever be asked to play . . . Or in men's rooms, where they block your view of the mirror while they search for ingrown nostril hairs . . . Or in phone booths, where they make you wait while they try to think of a tactful way to ask "Information" for information.

Not that an Introvert would ever get in your way on purpose. It's just that he seldom notices what's happening around him because he's concentrating so hard on how it makes him feel. He only remembers being at the World Series because that's where a peanut vendor humiliated him for not having the exact change. He only remembers the 1972 election because that's when he didn't vote for fear of doing something stupid at the polling place. And he only remembers wintering in Florida because that's where he heard somebody laugh at the way he looked in swim trunks.

It's strange how Introverts always think other people are noticing them. In actuality, they come across with the same kind of impact that makes Franklin Pierce the one president you always forget about, and the Buffalo Bills the one N.F.L. team you always leave off the list, and George McGovern's fellow senator from South Dakota the one you never heard of . . . even if you live in South Dakota. Truth to tell, if Introverts didn't think about themselves so much, they'd never be thought of at all.

Still, it's easy to spot an Introvert in a crowd . . . if you can imagine any conceivable reason for wanting to. He's the one working a crossword puzzle by flashlight at the drive-in movie. He's the one hesitating to turn in a perfect exam paper because he's ashamed of his penmanship. He's the one arriving at the auto salesroom with his check for the full sticker price already made out. He's the one ordering "the works" at Chicken Take-out to celebrate his birthday. And he's the one in Group Therapy whose main problem is a fear of speaking up in Group Therapy.

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

INTROVERT?

But deep down inside, Introverts are much the same as everybody else. They have their driving ambitions . . . to read all fifty volumes of the Harvard Classics before they die. They have their smouldering desires . . . to own the world's biggest collection of Liechtenstein air mail stamps. They have their dreams of glory . . . to win national acclaim for being able to recite all of the state capitals in four minutes flat. They even have their fantasies of sin . . . to flog Zsa Zsa Gabor until she tearfully agrees to shut up and become an Introvert.

No doubt about it. An Introvert is more than just another highly forgettable face masking emotions that run the gamut from hardly any to none at all. An Introvert is also Sincerity drowning in a moist handshake, Flaming Passion swathed in a grey wool muffler, Steel Nerves risking all at solitaire, Daredevil Courage revving up a '63 Rambler, Firm Resolve proclaimed in an apologetic mumble, Attentiveness floating on a cloud of pre-occupation, and Thoughtful Silence . . . lots and lots of Thoughtful Silence.

Above all, the Introvert possesses the gift of Dedicated Perseverance. Who else assembles a ten-thousand piece jig-saw puzzle to get a reproduction of "Anne Hathaway's Cottage" suitable for framing? Who else spends every Christmas exposing himself to the flu so he'll have an honest excuse for staying at home on New Year's Eve? Who else gladly drives from Toledo to Cleveland by way of Omaha rather than beg for a road map at a gas station? And who else wastes his whole lunch hour riding home on the bus just so he can use his own bathroom?

Quite obviously, the world needs Introverts. Somebody has to write those 800-page biographies of medieval French kings. Somebody has to be night watchman for the Navy's mothball fleet. Somebody has to think up the anecdotes that President Nixon tells to display his sense of humor. Somebody has to perpetuate the art of engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. And, most important, somebody has to be there pretending to listen while all the Extroverts on earth shoot off their big mouths.

Some people tend to feel sorry for Introverts. This is a total waste of sympathy, when you stop to think about it. After all, nobody ever calls upon an Introvert to coach the neighborhood Little League team, or head up a charity fund raising drive, or ruin his Sunday filling out a golf foursome. He is permitted to go his own way doing what he pleases. And the only thing society ever asks of the Introvert is that he keep uttering his familiar cry that brings joy to all:

"I WAS JUST LEAVING."

WRITER: TOM KOCH

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MINOR

AILMENTS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

You've been complaining about a pain in your side for weeks, but you've been afraid to go to the Doctor and ask him what it is! So did you finally go?

Yes, Mr. Smarty-Pants! I went today!

What's more, I asked him for a thorough check-up! My heart is normal! My blood pressure is normal! My reflexes are normal! And my respiration is normal!

Even my chest X-ray and urine tests were normal!

But what about the pain in your side?

I was afraid to ask him about THAT!

OHHH! I broke it! I broke it!

What did she break? Her arm? Her wrist? Her finger . . . ?

Keep going!

Her . . . NAIL?!?

You hit it right on the head!

Such screaming over a fingernail? It doesn't even have any feeling!

Especially this one!

It's ARTIFICIAL!!

You say you have a BOIL? Where is it located?

I'd rather not say!

Oh? Going to give me a hard time? Okay . . . since this is going to be a long, drawn-out affair, have a seat!

Er . . . I'd rather not sit!

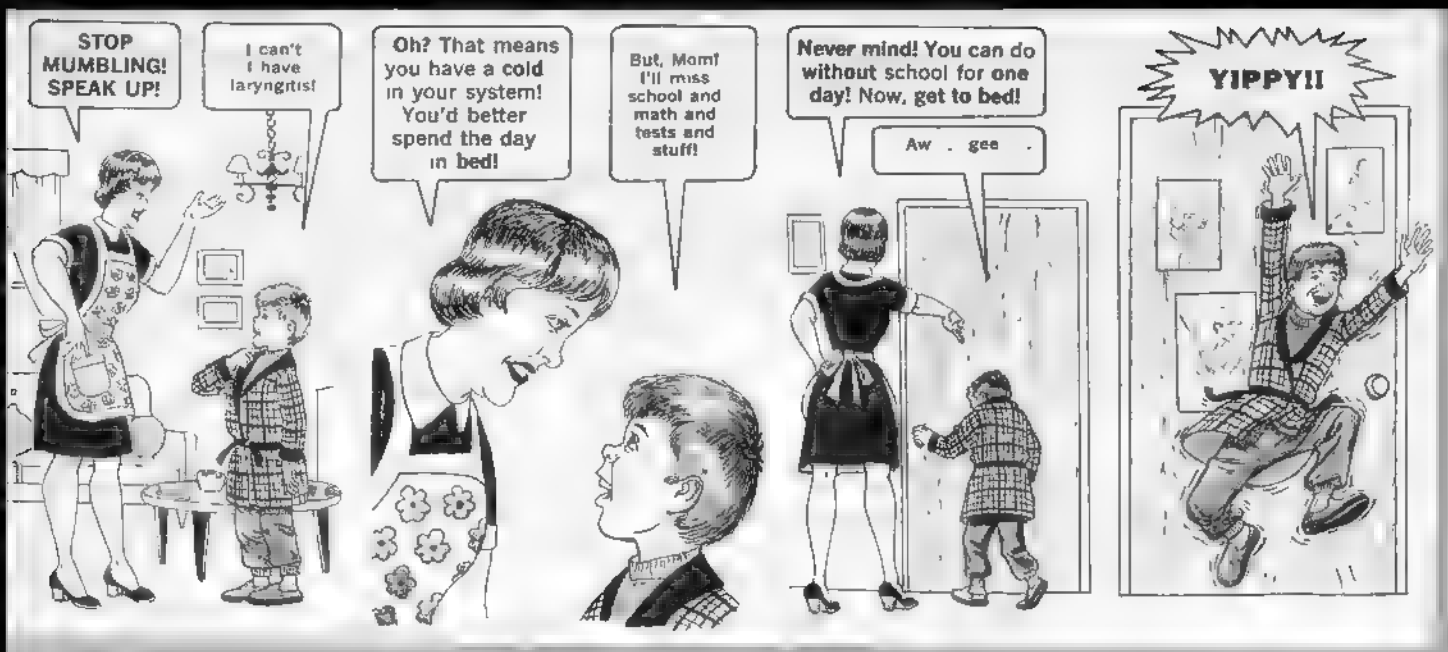
Boil located on the . . .

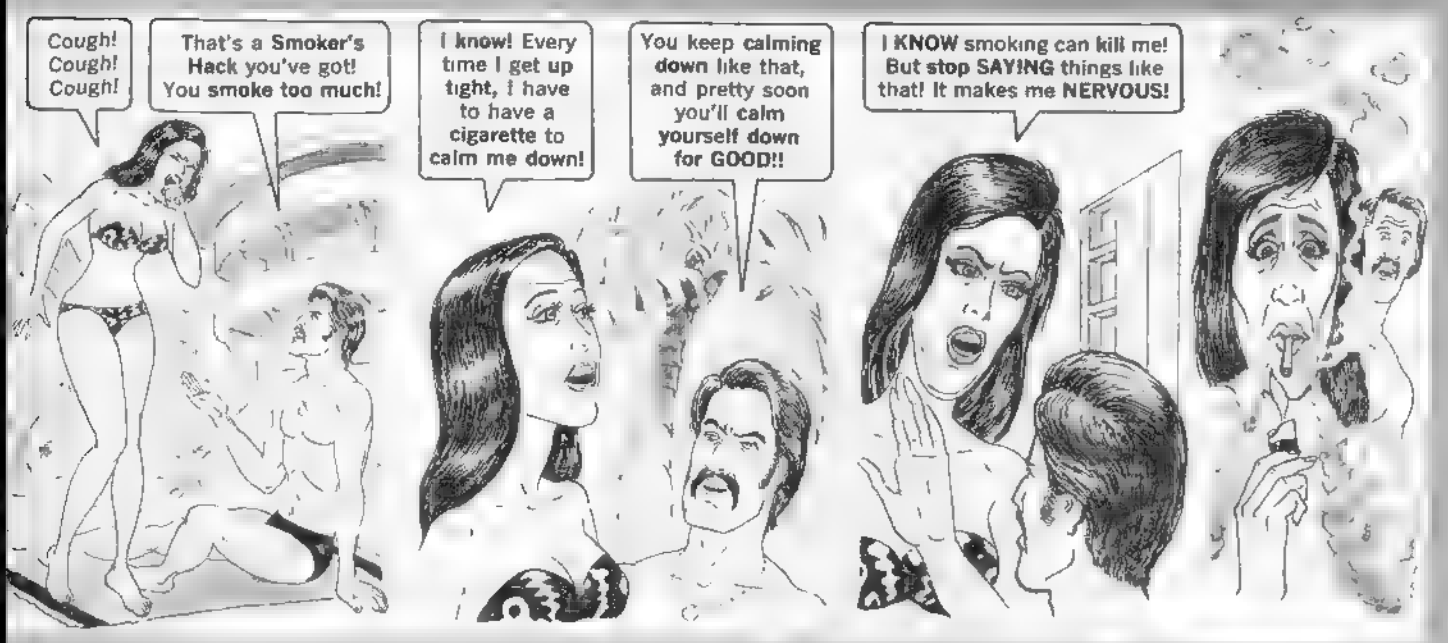
I'd rather she hadn't figured that out!

What are you doing with that Aspirin bottle?

I'm trying to get a couple of Aspirins because I've got a headache! But I—I can't get it open!

Ooooh! I'm so miserable with this awful cold!
The Government spends BILLIONS to fly men to the barren MOON . . . but not one PENNY to cure the COMMON COLD!
Too bad that cold germs don't exist on the Moon . . and our Astronauts aren't in danger of catching a cold when they land!
What makes you say that?
Because . . . THEN, the Government would spend billions to CURE it!
If I can only make it through the night, I'll be all right! If I can only make it through the night, I'll be all right!
Will you stop mumbling! You MADE it through the night! The SUN is coming up!!
Oh, thank God!
Wow! What a fuss over a little sinus attack! You kept waking me up with your constant mumbling about making it through the night!
I'm sorry . . but I DID make it through the night!
Now, if I can only make it through the day, I'll be all right! If I can only make it through the day, I'll be all right! If .
Of course you can't! They've put special Safety Tops on bottles of Aspirin so kids won't eat them like candy! Besides, a child your age should only have ONE Aspirin! Here, give it to me! I'll open it!
Now, let's see . . You twist it to the right, and . . . No you push down and twist it to the left . . No, you line up the two markings, and . .
Darn it! Look at all the trouble I have to go to, just to get out THREE ASPIRINS!
THREE?!? You said I could only have ONE!
The other two are for ME!
I got a headache, trying to open this lousy bottle!

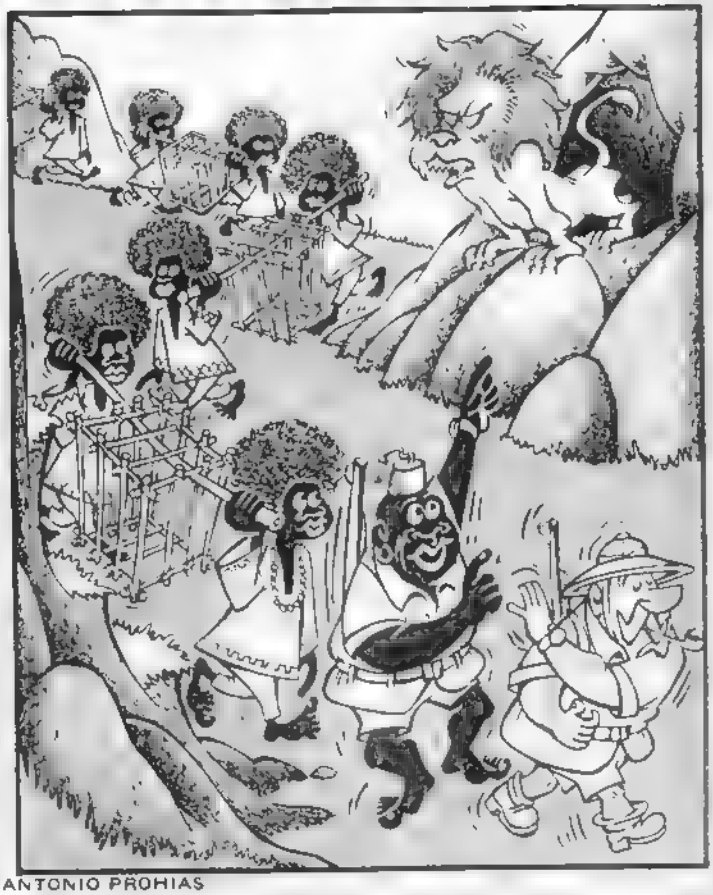

STOP MUMBLING! SPEAK UP!
I can't I have laryngitis!
Oh? That means you have a cold in your system! You'd better spend the day in bed!
But, Mom! I'll miss school and math and tests and stuff!
Never mind! You can do without school for one day! Now, get to bed!
Aw . gee .
YIPPY!!


Cough! Cough! Cough!
That's a Smoker's Hack you've got! You smoke too much!
I know! Every time I get up tight, I have to have a cigarette to calm me down!
You keep calming down like that, and pretty soon you'll calm yourself down for GOOD!!
I KNOW smoking can kill me! But stop SAYING things like that! It makes me NERVOUS!

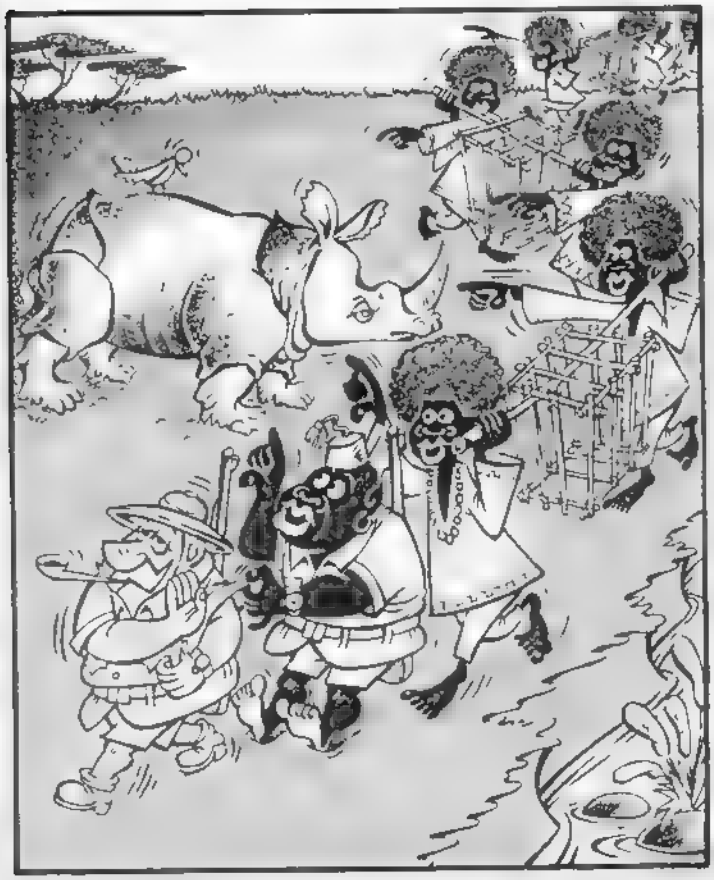
DON'T KISS ME! I've got a virus, and I don't want to give it to you!
Oh, you poor darling! Here, let me make you more comfortable!
First, take these Aspirins and Antibiotics! Then, drink this fruit juice! Then, I'll make your bed! And while I'm setting up the vaporizer, you hop in and get covered up!
Here are some extra blankets to keep you nice and warm and—
Harold, you're so sweet to do all this for me . . .
I JUST GOTTA KISS YOU!!
David Berg

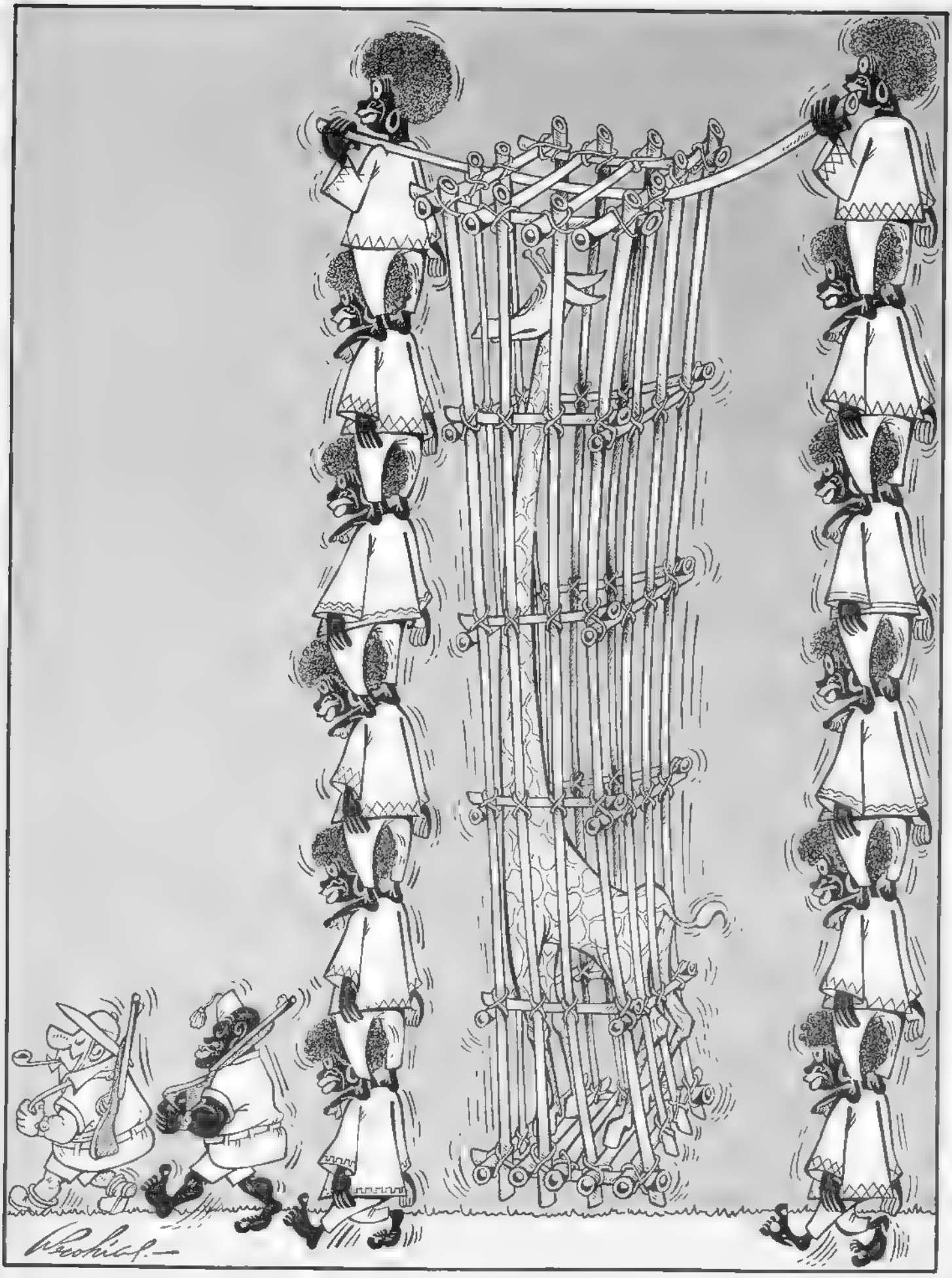
GRIN AND BEARER DEPT.

ON A SAFARI



ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS





DIAMOND AND THE ROUGH DEPT.

Because today's fast-paced life is more violent, gentle old baseball has lost its position as our "National Pastime." Football, with its high speed mayhem has taken over, and that makes baseball men very worried. They just hate to see all that they've worked for go down the drain—the glory, the prestige, the *money!* And so here's our suggestion for up-dating and saving the sport with...

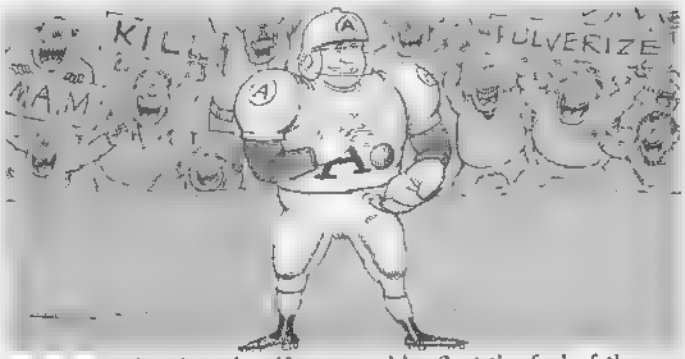
THE MAD GAME OF BASEBRAWL

UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENT

BASEBALL: UNIFORM

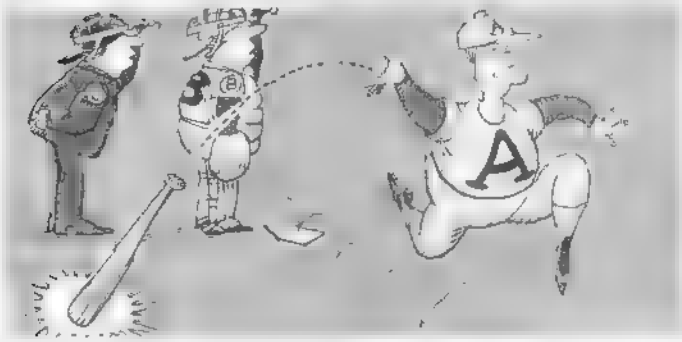
The baseball uniform is a dead giveaway as to what's in store—a flimsy, decorative ensemble put together as if intended for a hairdresser or a ballet master.

BASEBRAWL: UNIFORM



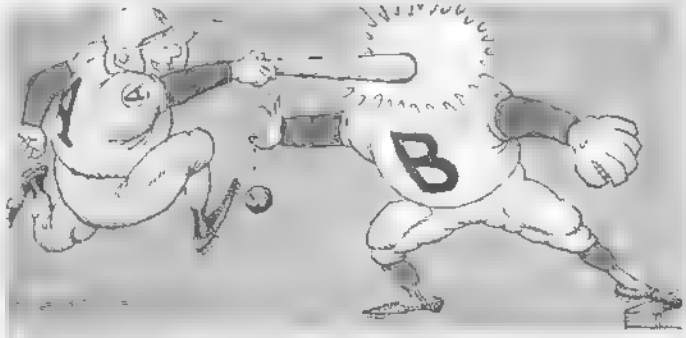
MAD's basebrawl uniform would reflect the feel of the game—a tough, practical armor-like get up that can administer punishment as easily as protect against it.

BASEBALL: BAT



Today's baseball bat has but one purpose—to hit the ball, immediately after which it is discarded as the batter then becomes more involved with the base paths.

BASEBRAWL: BAT



MAD's basebrawl bat would play a much more exciting role. An ideal offensive weapon, it would be taken along to increase chances of reaching bases safely.

BASEBALL: BASEBALL

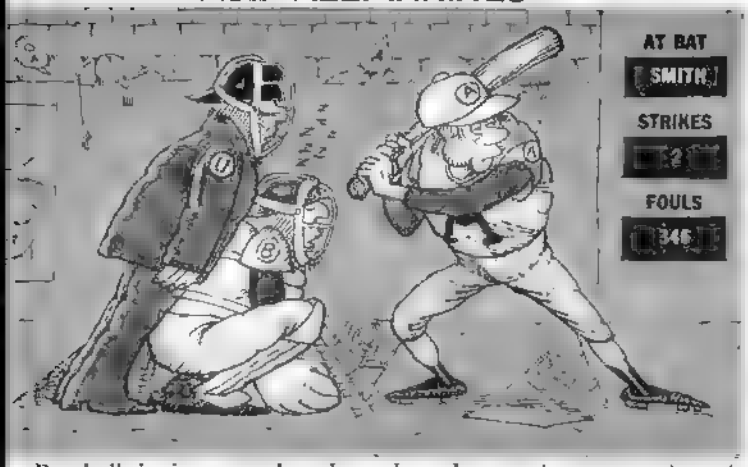
Today's baseball is often referred to as a *hardball.* Actually, it is only hard when compared to a *softball!* Spectators can catch them without even using a glove!

BASEBRAWL: BASEBRAWL BALL

MAD's basebrawl would be more lethal, something a bit like a cannon ball. In fact it *would be* a cannon ball! Even a simple line drive becomes a memorable event!

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

BASEBALL: INNINGS



Baseball innings are based on how long a team can stay at bat without making 3 "outs". With hits, walks, fouls, errors, and change of pitchers, innings can last hours! Or, should a pitcher's "duel" take place, they last only a few unexciting minutes with a boring "three up . . . three down".

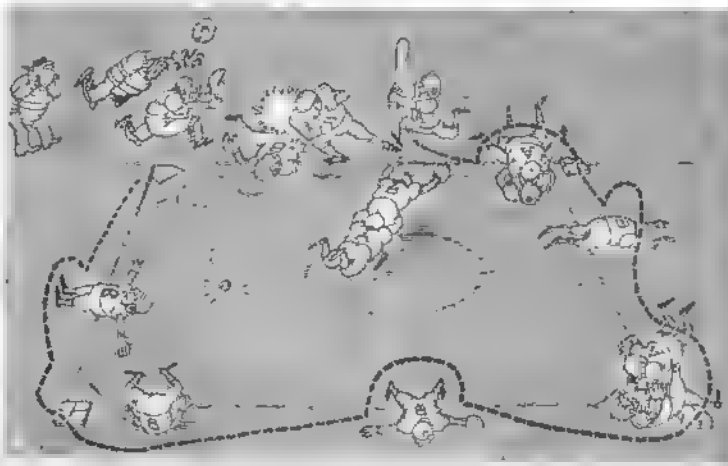
BASEBRAWL: ZAPPINGS

MAD'S basebrawl provides four *zappings*, each team coming to bat once per zap with three "outs" to reach first base. If achieved, three more outs are awarded to them to try to advance to another base: if not, team members are allowed one free throw each at the batter scoring the third out.

BASEBALL: HOME RUN

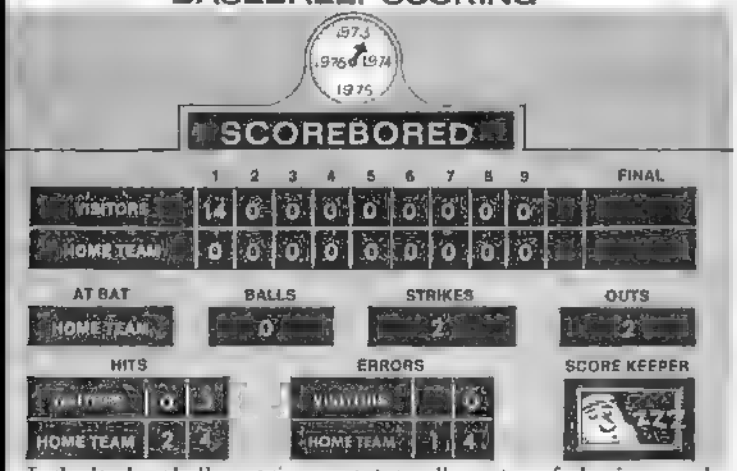
Baseball's most ridiculous rule by far is the *home run*, in most cases a ball hit out of the park, allowing the batter to prance around the base paths unmolested while fielders stand by helplessly. The fans provide much more excitement than the game as they fight among themselves for the ball!

BASEBRAWL: HOME RUN



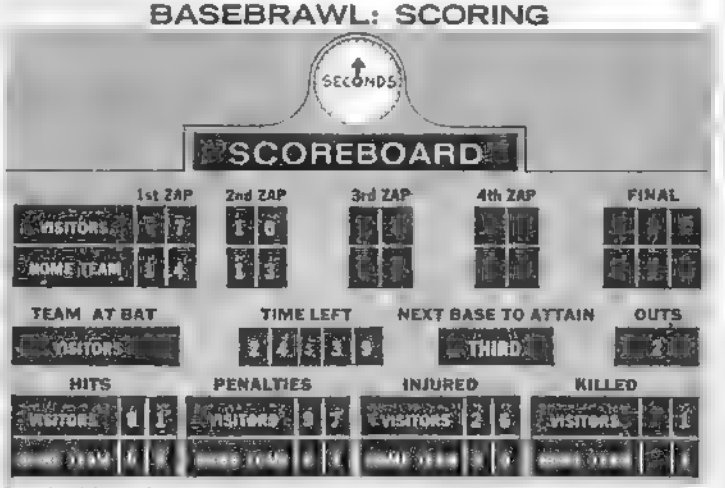
MAD's basebrawl rules that any ball hit out of the park is an automatic out! A home run is thus not limited to only those possessing brute strength. Here, with the proper kind of teamwork, even the weakest man on the team can circle the bases and score with just a dribbling grounder.

BASEBALL: SCORING



Today's baseball scoring creates all sorts of boring problems. For example, a team can score indefinitely without losing their turn at bat, making the rest of the lopsided fiasco even slower than normal. And continual flashing of dull statistics offers little relief to the "score-bored!"

BASEBRAWL: SCORING



In MAD's basebrawl, one point is scored for each base attained, plus a two point bonus for a home run, or five points in all. A "fear goal" is worth two points and is achieved by kicking the ball into the opposition's dugout right after a home run. The other team then gets to bat.

BASEBALL: PITCHERS

Today's pitching and batting is literally a hit and miss affair the batter constantly trying to *hit* the pitch, the pitcher constantly trying to *miss* the bat. With fast balls, curves, knucklers etc. vs. walks, fouls, etc., the whole thing balances out to a very dull and dreary contest.

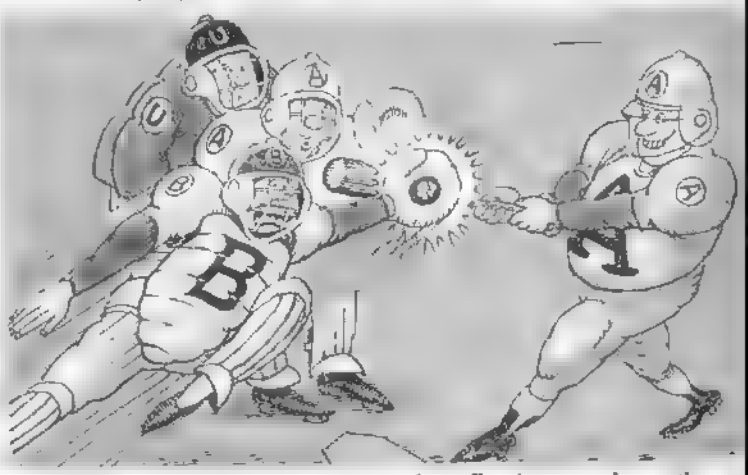
BASEBRAWL: PITCHERS

MAD's basebrawl pitcher, batter and catcher are all on the *same team!* Because hits are more exciting to watch, the pitcher serves up only *meat balls* for his own man to blast, thus cleverly eliminating the need for time-wasting balls and strikes and frenzied arguments with the umpires!

BASEBALL: CATCHERS

Today's catcher spends most of his time signalling to his pitcher. This may be exciting to him and the pitcher, but to someone almost a mile away in the bleachers—*nothing!* The catcher is involved in other thrilling and important acts like tossing the ball around the infield. Yawn . . .

BASEBRAWL: CATCHERS



Positioned near the batting team's offensive catcher, the basebrawl *defensive* catcher, besides making plays at the plate, can also "steal" the ball by catching it the exact moment it crosses the plate. Obviously, this novel "strike clout" rule adds all kinds of new excitement to the game.

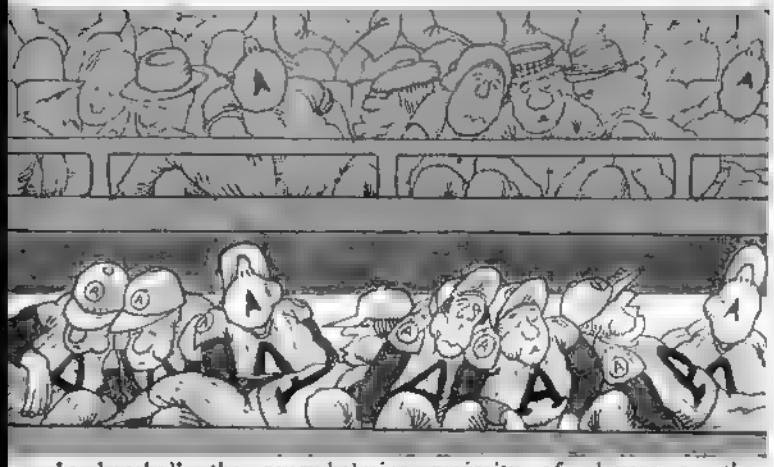
BASEBALL: BALK

Today's pitcher's most serious problem on the mound is to avoid a *balk* The reason it is such a problem is because no one knows just what constitutes a balk to begin with. In any case, it happens to be a silly rule with a silly penalty that adds no playing interest or excitement at all.

BASEBRAWL: BALK

MAD's basebrawl *balk* rule states that every man on the field must freeze in position from pitcher's wind-up to snap of the ball. Infractions result in the loss or gain of an out to offensive and defensive teams respectively. *Still* a silly rule, but at least some laughs are offered.

BASEBALL: TURN AT BAT



In baseball, the overwhelming majority of players on the batting team have nothing more to do than doze and laze around in the dugout while their one representing man stands alone at the plate. With eight players doing absolutely nothing, it's small wonder that the game is dull!

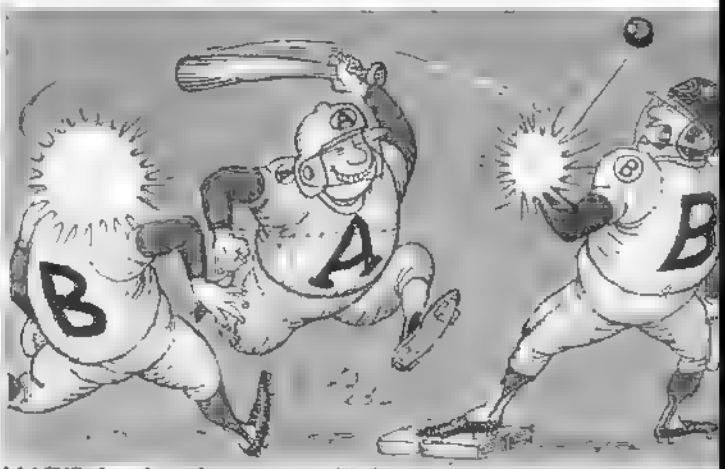
BASEBRAWL: TURN AT BAT

In MAD's basebrawl, *every* player is out on the field for the entire game, becoming "defensive fielders" when their man is at bat, covering each position to try and prevent an out from being scored against his team. As a result the dugout is freed for use as an emergency first aid station.

BASEBALL: BASE RUNNING

When a grown man runs at top speed, he is usually running *away* from someone with fear or *toward* someone with hate. Not so in today's baseball! Here, a man races a ball! Any show of force, violence or even interference are no-no's! And so it goes for any enjoyment, action and excitement!

BASEBRAWL: BASE RUNNING

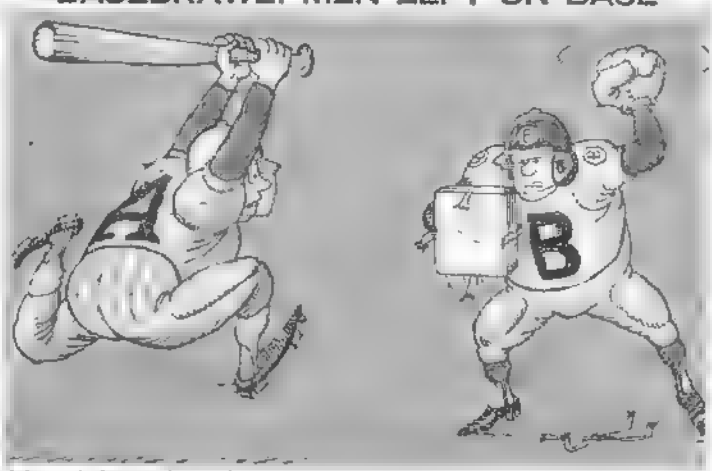


MAD'S basebrawl runners will have no such mamby-pamby restrictions. The batter can carry his bat with him at all times to serve as a deterrent to fielders who may attempt to tackle him or knock him out of the base paths. He can also take a few extra swings at the ball on the way around.

BASEBALL: MEN LEFT ON BASE

When a side is retired, all the strategy and effort that goes into placing runners into scoring positions slips down the drain. The men left on base have no value except as statistics for announcers to compile in their desperate attempts to inject a little interest into the dull affair

BASEBRAWL: MEN LEFT ON BASE

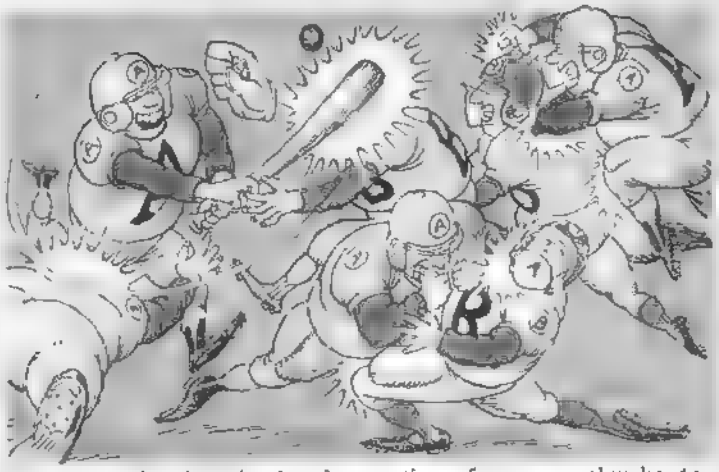


Men left on base in MAD's basebrawl have an option: they may either relinquish their base and assume their normal defensive position, or they may elect to stay where they are and serve as an additional blocker against the opposing team runners who are advancing to the base they hold.

BASEBALL: FIELDING

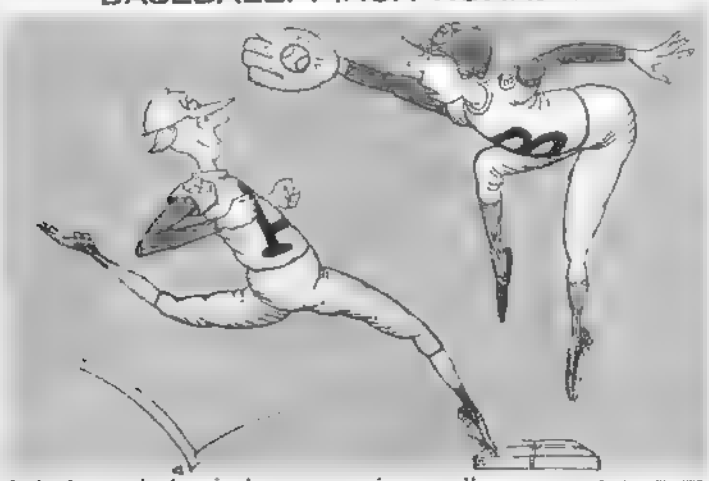
Baseball games are often so dull that some players spend the entire duration on the field without ever actually touching a ball. Young people in the stands who study and imitate every move and gesture their idol makes are often diagnosed as being in a catatonic state after the game.

BASEBRAWL: FIELDING



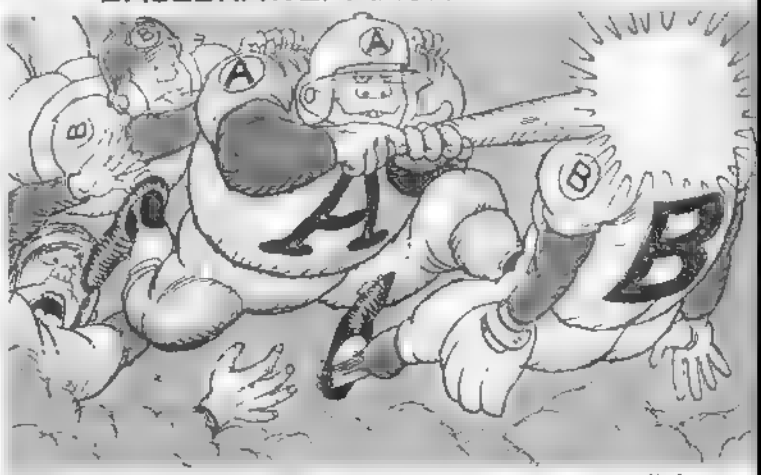
In MAD's basebrawl, there's no time for any cobwebs to collect on the fielders. With offensive players trying to prevent them from making plays, plus rules that allow for body contact, ball blocking, and even bat throwing, every man is a potential play maker throughout the entire game.

BASEBALL: PINCH RUNNER



Today's typical pinch runner is usually a sprinter, very fast and lithe, who is called in to replace a runner who is slow and sloppy. His ballet dancing and prancing about does manage to annoy the opposing pitcher somewhat, but not enough to affect the game or the fans in any way whatsoever.

BASEBRAWL: PINCH RUNNER



On the other hand, MAD's basebrawl pinch runner will be called in to replace a fast, lithe sprinter with a slow, sloppy brute. In the closing moments of a game when the chips are down and a run is needed, the situation calls for an animal who isn't afraid to use his strength—or bat!

BASEBALL: PENALTIES

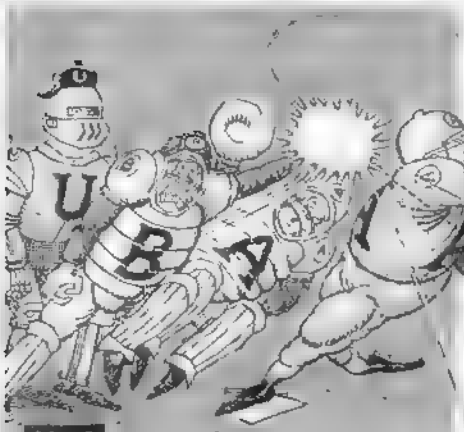
Today's penalties have little or no effect on the outcome of the game. About the worst that can possibly happen is someone is thrown out of a game or fined a few dollars for saying things about the umpire's ability to see clearly or raising some serious doubts as to just who his father was.

BASEBRAWL: PENALTIES

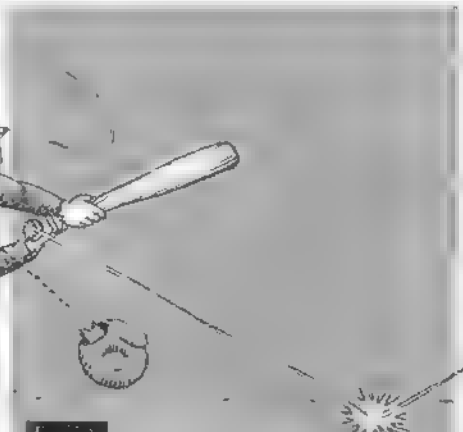
MAD's basebrawl penalties have relevance to the game. An offensive player who gets offensive will cost his team a base or an out, a defensive offense will be penalized in the same manner. The one major infraction—delay of the game—results in an automatic win for the other team!

HOW MAD'S BASEBRAWL WORKS

Here in a typical play we see what *MAD's BASEBRAWL* is like. In today's game this would be a routine and boring "out." But in *MAD's BASEBRAWL* there is nothing routine in any of its fast moving, body crunching plays. Here, by following the numbers 1 to 8 beginning in the pitcher's box, we see how spine-tingling and thrilling a grounder to third can be.

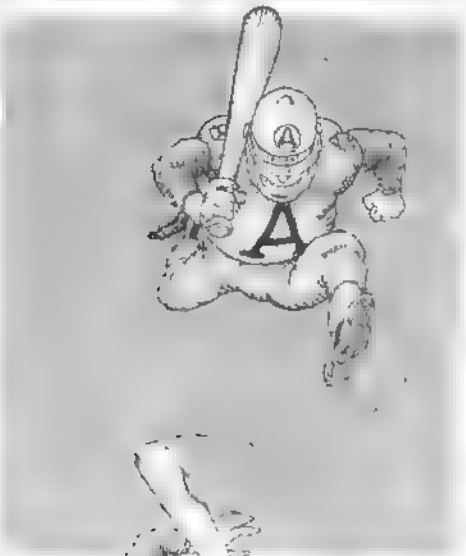


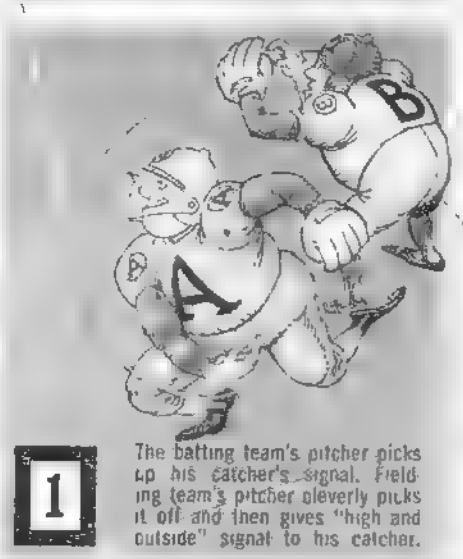
2 Fielder's catcher tries to catch "high and outside" pitch for an out but batter connects before catcher gets possession of ball



3 The grounder bounces to third as planned, and batter's 3rd baseman gets jump on fielder's 3rd baseman.

4 The batter's third baseman slaps ball towards short as fielder's third baseman watches helplessly

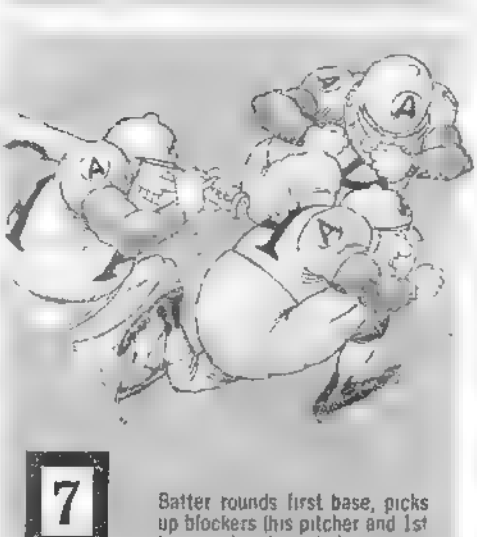




1 The batting team's pitcher picks up his catcher's signal. Fielding team's pitcher cleverly picks it off and then gives "high and outside" signal to his catcher.

5 Batter's shortstop tries to slap ball into outfield but fielder's SS grabs it and throws to first

6 Fielder's first baseman catches ball but is bumped off bag by batter's first baseman as batter knocks the ball out of his mitt

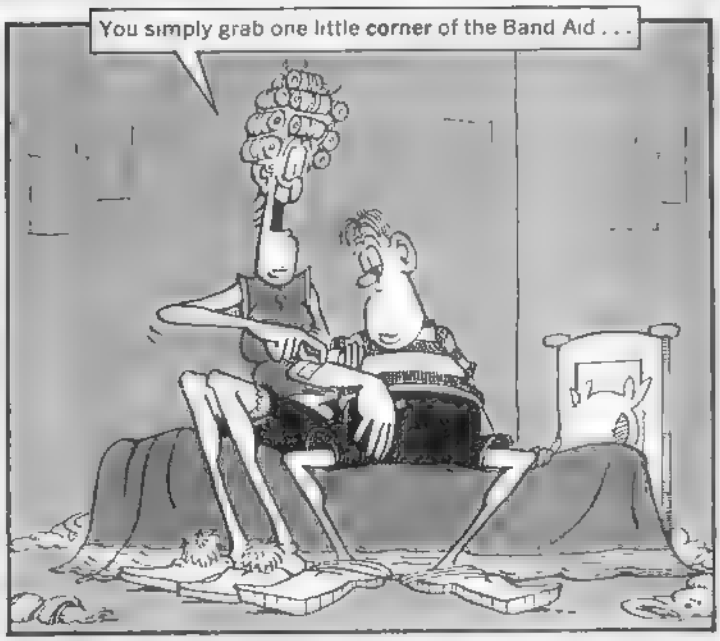


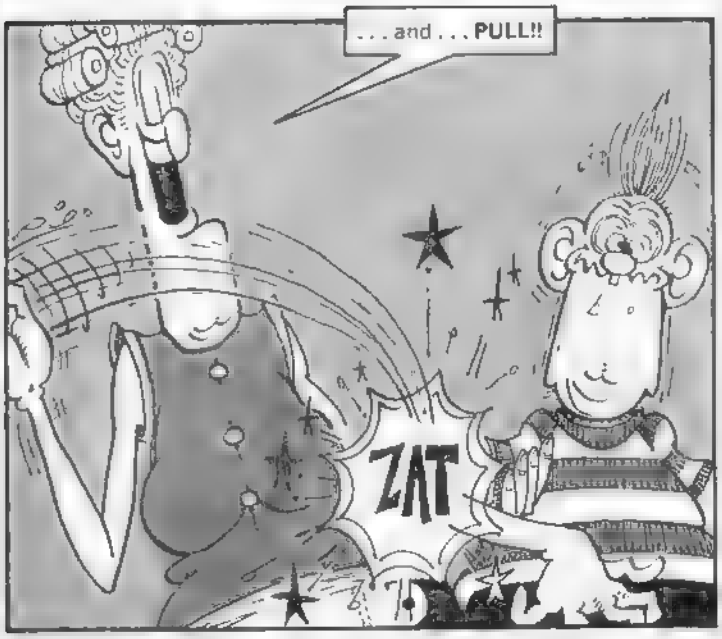
7 Batter rounds first base, picks up blockers (his pitcher and 1st baseman) and heads for second

8 The fielder's pitcher and shortstop come in for tackle, batter's out-stretched bat barely misses bag as fielder's second baseman puts tag on despite block by the batter's alert second baseman

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL





PETROLEUM JOLLY DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT... THE GAS

SHORTAGE

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER
PAUL PETER PORGES

All across the U.S.A., communities are being forced by Law into "Bussing" school kids for purposes of Racial Integration.

Whether you're FOR it . . . or AGAINST it, "Bussing" has become one of the major social controversies of our times. And if the idea catches on and really succeeds, we think it will stir "Bussing" ideas in other areas of social controversy. Which means that we may soon be seeing people of one cultural background being "Bussed" into locations or situations where they are awkwardly out of place, purely for the purpose of integrating them into a different sub-culture. So if you think there's confusion now, here's what could happen when we start seeing . . .

BUSSING PALE, FAT, UGLY GIRLS TO THE BEACHES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BUSSING "AMERICA'S TEN BEST DRESSED MEN & WOMEN" TO THE AUDIENCE OF "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"

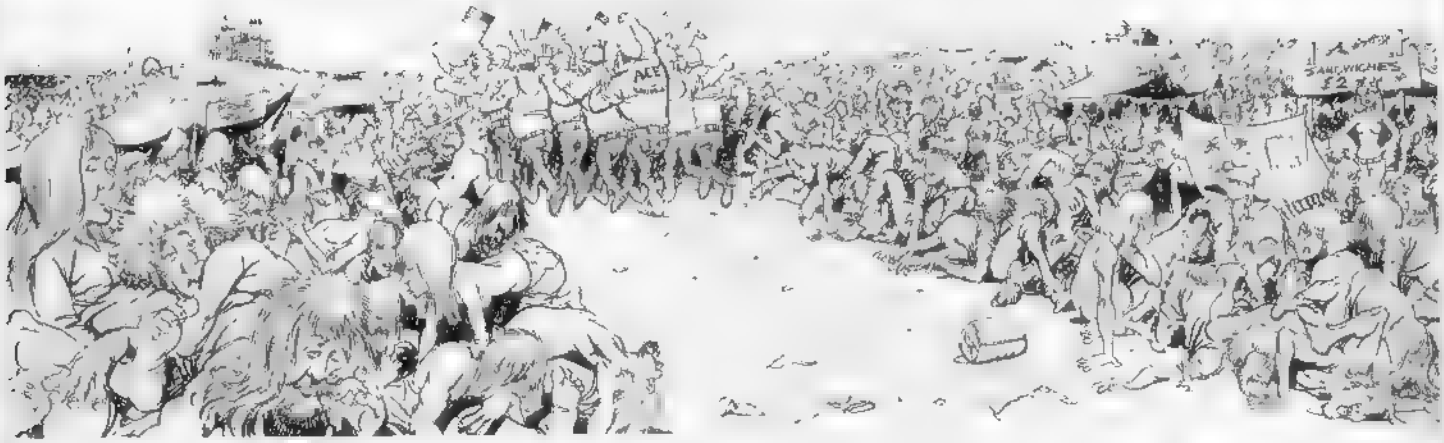
BUSSING SALVATION ARMY EMPLOYEES TO A NUDE ENCOUNTER GROUP

SIC TRANSIT DEPT.

BUSSING IN OTHER AREAS FOR THE PURPOSE OF SOCIAL INTEGRATION

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

BUSSING HARD-HAT CONSTRUCTION WORKERS TO A ROCK FESTIVAL



BUSSING THE STAFF OF AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER TO A PAT BOONE CHRISTMAS PARTY

BUSSING A CONTINGENT OF MARINE DRILL SERGEANTS TO FIRE ISLAND

BUSSING THE "JET SET'S" BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE TO A BOWLING ALLEY IN MUNCIE, INDIANA

BUSSING "THREE DOG NIGHT" GROUPIES TO A REUNION OF THE FRED WARING FAN CLUB

BUSSING MEMBERS OF THE SIERRA CLUB TO A MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

BUSSING MEMBERS OF AN "EPICURE & GOURMET SOCIETY" TO A McDONALD'S HAMBURGER STAND

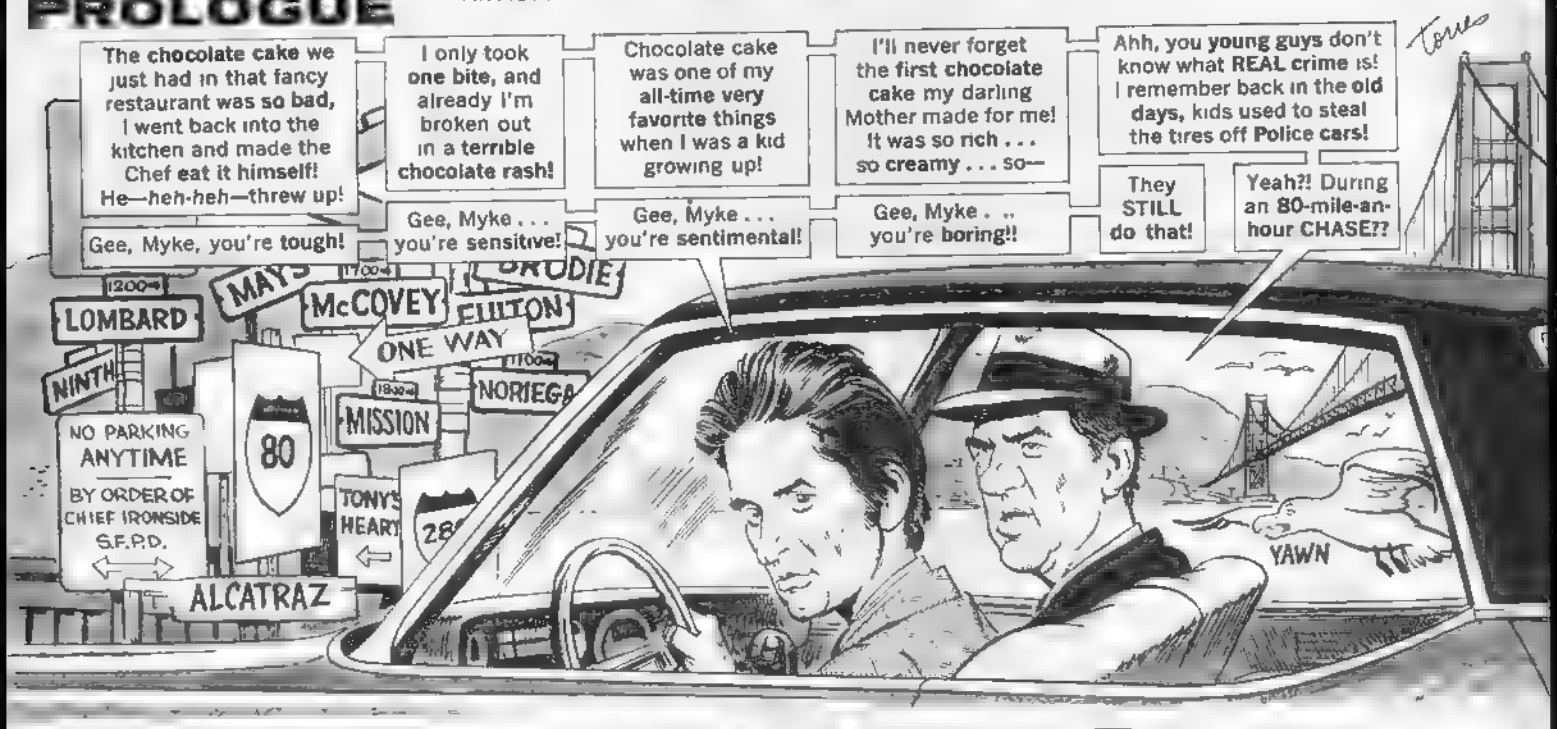
COPS AT BAY DEPT.

For a while back there, whenever someone mentioned San Francisco, you thought of the Haight-Ashbury District, and the wild, far-out Hippies and Yippies and Hop-Heads and Speed-Freaks and all the other Third World Cats that lived there. But now, thanks to the movies and television, San Francisco's image is rapidly changing. Because we're being bombarded with propaganda . . . like f'rinstance this weekly TV series about two detectives . . . that effectively publicizes . . .

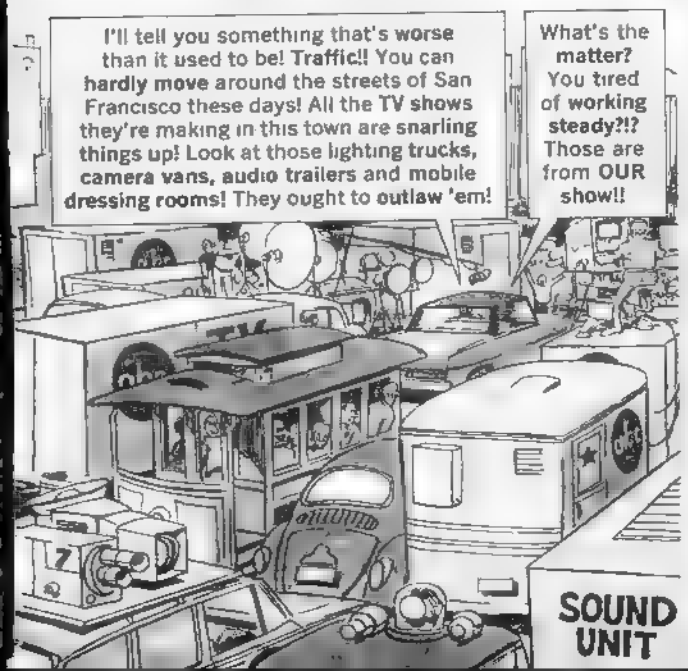
THE "STRAIGHTS" OF SAN FRANCISCO

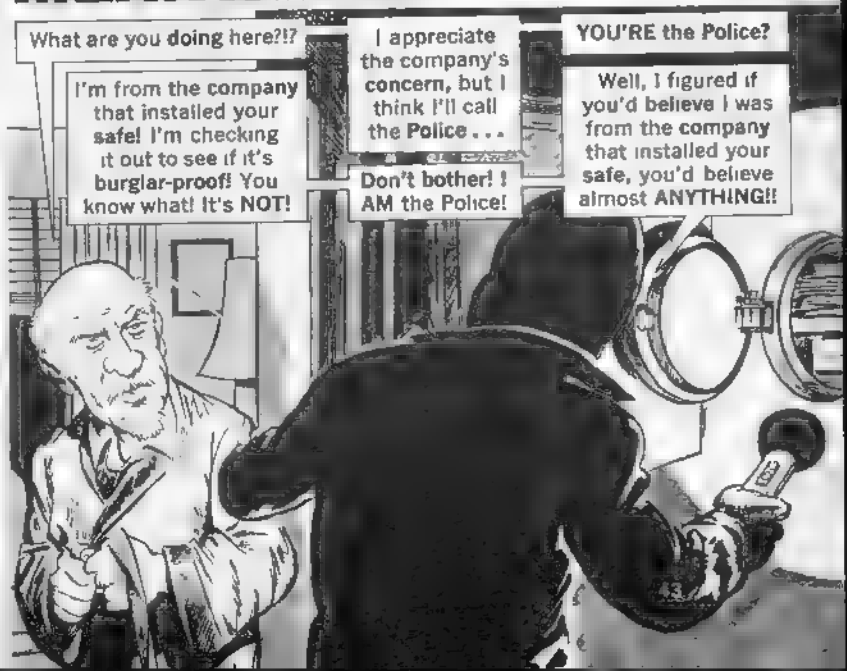
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

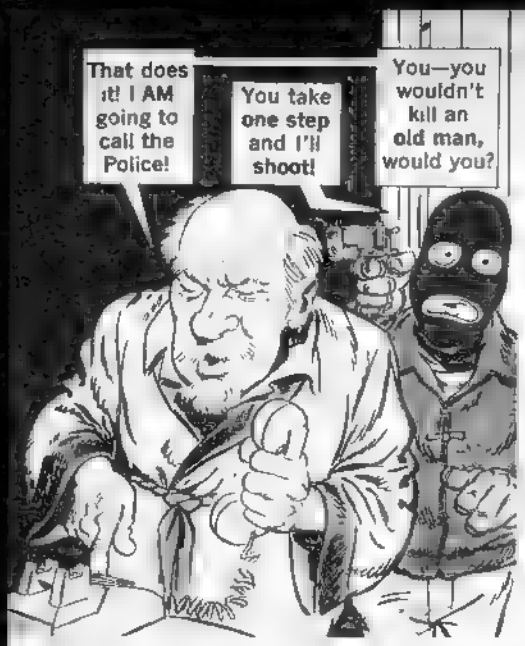
PROLOGUE



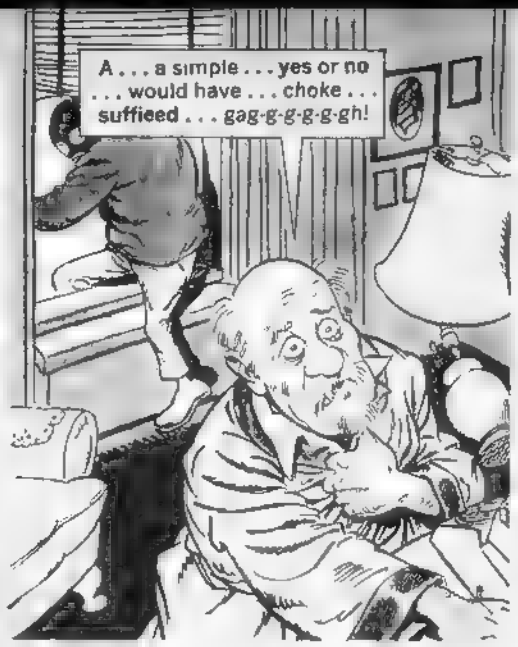
MEANWHILE

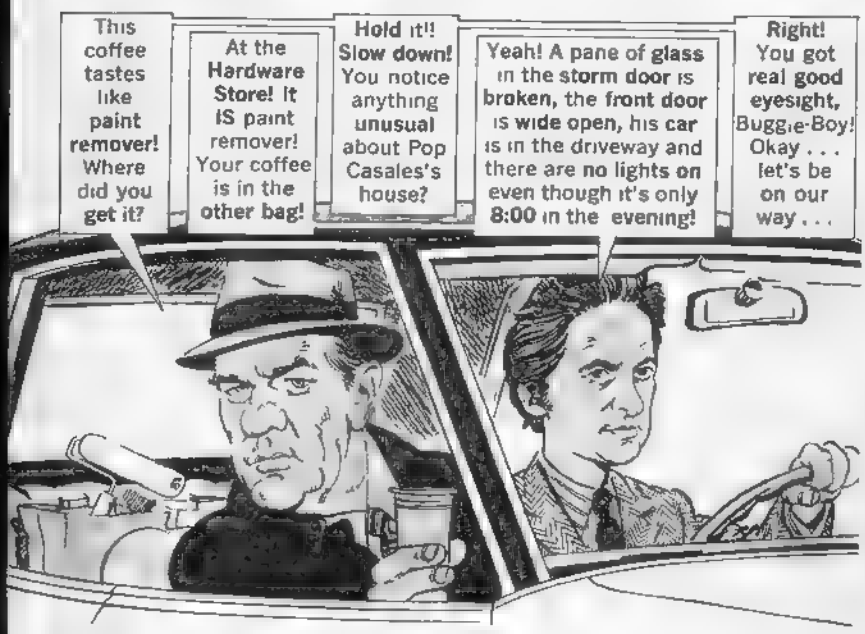


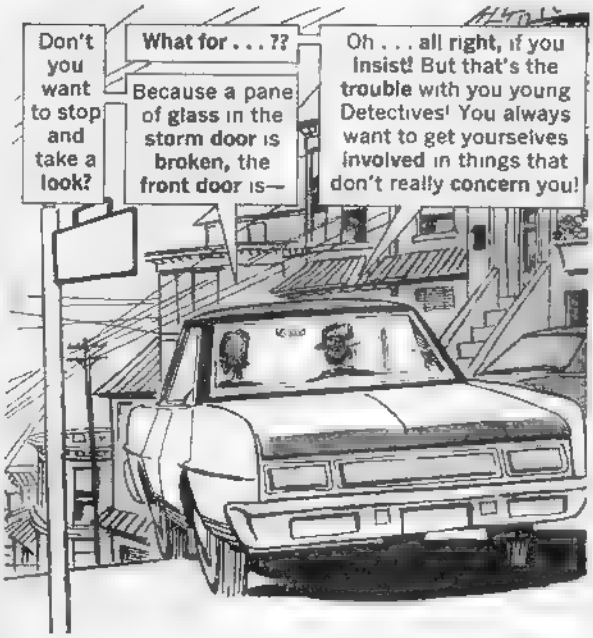


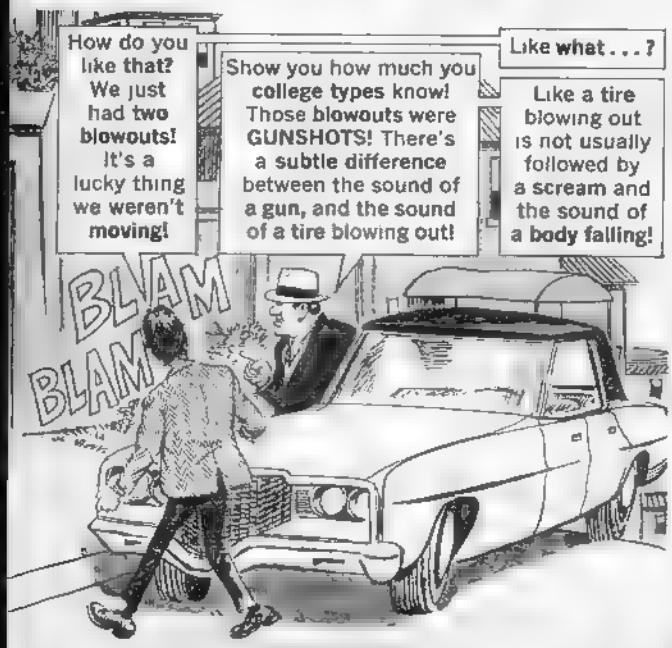

That does it! I AM going to call the Police!
You take one step and I'll shoot!
You—you wouldn't kill an old man, would you?

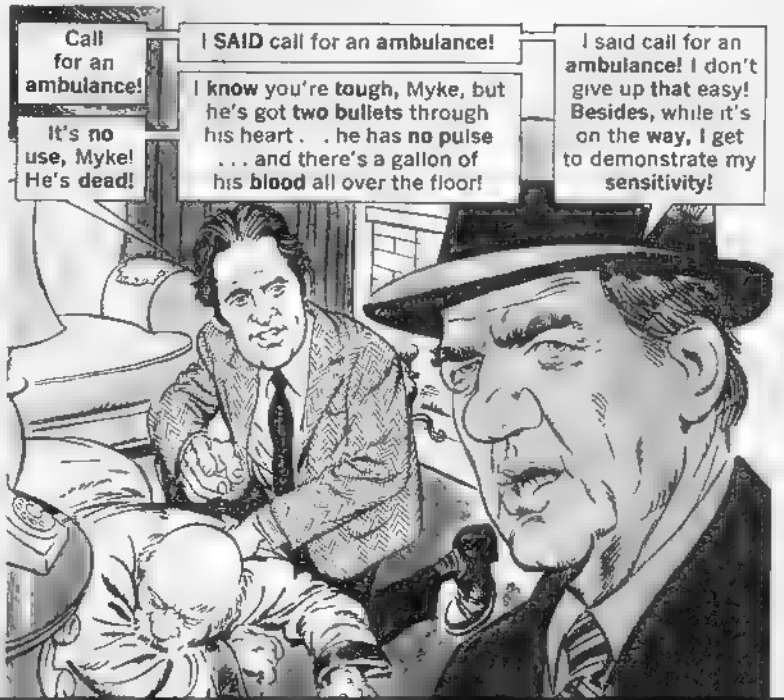
BLAM
BLAM

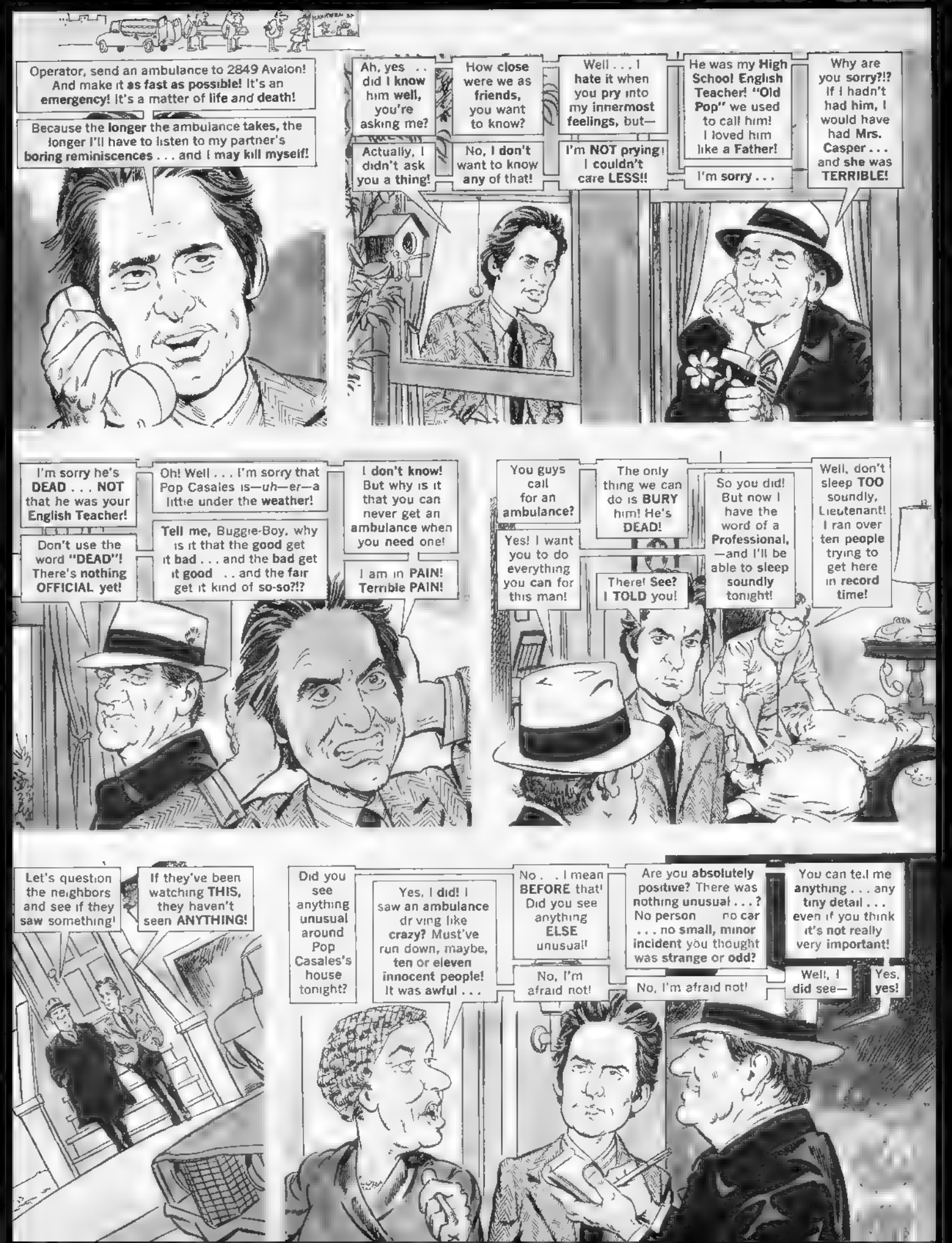

A . . . a simple . . . yes or no . . . would have . . . choke . . . suffieed . . . gag-g-g-g-g-gh!


This coffee tastes like paint remover! Where did you get it?
At the Hardware Store! It IS paint remover! Your coffee is in the other bag!
Hold it!! Slow down! You notice anything unusual about Pop Casales's house?
Yeah! A pane of glass in the storm door is broken, the front door is wide open, his car is in the driveway and there are no lights on even though it's only 8:00 in the evening!
Right! You got real good eyesight, Buggie-Boy! Okay . . . let's be on our way . . .


Don't you want to stop and take a look?
What for . . . ??
Because a pane of glass in the storm door is broken, the front door is—
Oh . . . all right, if you insist! But that's the trouble with you young Detectives! You always want to get yourselves involved in things that don't really concern you!


How do you like that? We just had two blowouts! It's a lucky thing we weren't moving!
Show you how much you college types know! Those blowouts were GUNSHOTS! There's a subtle difference between the sound of a gun, and the sound of a tire blowing out!
Like what . . . ?
Like a tire blowing out is not usually followed by a scream and the sound of a body falling!
BLAM
BLAM


Call for an ambulance!
It's no use, Myke! He's dead!
I SAID call for an ambulance!
I know you're tough, Myke, but he's got two bullets through his heart . . he has no pulse . . . and there's a gallon of his blood all over the floor!
I said call for an ambulance! I don't give up that easy! Besides, while it's on the way, I get to demonstrate my sensitivity!


Operator, send an ambulance to 2849 Avalon! And make it as fast as possible! It's an emergency! It's a matter of life and death!
Because the longer the ambulance takes, the longer I'll have to listen to my partner's boring reminiscences . . . and I may kill myself!
Ah, yes . . did I know him well, you're asking me?
How close were we as friends, you want to know?
Well . . . I hate it when you pry into my innermost feelings, but—
He was my High School English Teacher! "Old Pop" we used to call him! I loved him like a Father!
Why are you sorry?!? If I hadn't had him, I would have had Mrs. Casper . . . and she was TERRIBLE!
Actually, I didn't ask you a thing!
No, I don't want to know any of that!
I'm NOT prying! I couldn't care LESS!!
I'm sorry . . .
I'm sorry he's DEAD . . . NOT that he was your English Teacher!
Oh! Well . . . I'm sorry that Pop Casales is—uh—er—a little under the weather!
I don't know! But why is it that you can never get an ambulance when you need one!
Don't use the word "DEAD"! There's nothing OFFICIAL yet!
Tell me, Buggie-Boy, why is it that the good get it bad . . . and the bad get it good . . and the fair get it kind of so-so?!?
I am in PAIN! Terrible PAIN!
You guys call for an ambulance?
The only thing we can do is BURY him! He's DEAD!
So you did! But now I have the word of a Professional, —and I'll be able to sleep soundly tonight!
Well, don't sleep TOO soundly, Lieutenant! I ran over ten people trying to get here in record time!
Yes! I want you to do everything you can for this man!
There! See? I TOLD you!
Let's question the neighbors and see if they saw something!
If they've been watching THIS, they haven't seen ANYTHING!
Did you see anything unusual around Pop Casales's house tonight?
Yes, I did! I saw an ambulance driving like crazy? Must've run down, maybe, ten or eleven innocent people! It was awful . . .
No . . . I mean BEFORE that! Did you see anything ELSE unusual!
No, I'm afraid not!
Are you absolutely positive? There was nothing unusual . . . ? No person no car . . . no small, minor incident you thought was strange or odd?
No, I'm afraid not!
You can tell me anything . . . any tiny detail . . . even if you think it's not really very important!
Well, I did see—
Yes, yes!

Well, I do remember something! About 7:45, a 1963 light blue Ford pulled up in front of Pop's house! A man about 5' 7" got out! He was 43 years old! He was wearing green pants, brown sneakers, white socks, and a red jacket, and carried a black gun! It struck me as odd because NOTHING MATCHED! Does that help?

What? No license plate or Social Security number? No home address? What kind of a witness ARE you?

Easy, Buggie-Boy! We can at least get started with these few meager clues! You take Mrs. Rouse here down to the Mug Shot Files and see if she can pick out the guy's picture!

Don't YOU want to do that, so you can give us the boring details of how you were personally involved with every one of the 230,000 people we have on file?

No, I've got to go see Ma Casales! She doesn't know about her Husband yet, so in my own sentimental and sensitive fashion, I will tell her that Pop was shot down in cold blood, that all of their money was stolen, and that Pop never believed in Life Insurance . . . so there isn't any!

Why, Myke Stoned . . . my favorite smart aleck Detective!

Oh, Myke . . . I'm always insured of a laugh when you show up!

You KILL Pop and me with your jokes!

You're joking, Myke, aren't you? Tell me you're joking, Myke!

Ma Casales! my favorite penniless WIDOW!

And that's the ONLY insurance you've got!

From now on, I can only kill YOU with my jokes! Somebody already killed Pop with a gun!

No, Ma, I'm afraid this ludicrous dialogue is on the level! But believe me, I'll GET the rat that did this!

Because you're too fragile a woman to have to suffer!

Y'know . . . I had some of the best times of my life with you and Pop!

I remember what life was like before I met you two! Dark, bleak, unhappy, and—

Gee, you're so tough.

Gee, you're so sensitive!

Gee, you're so sentimental!

Gee, you're so BORING!!

Find anything, kid?

Nahhh! Mrs. Rouse continues to be no help at all! She picked out four people it could be! Not ONE, but FOUR!

That's okay, Buggie Boy! Let's just start eliminating! Now, according to these cards, this guy's in jail, so that eliminates him! This guy died two years ago, so it can't be him! And of the two that are left, one guy's a SENATOR, and the other guy's been arrested 5 times for Armed Robbery!

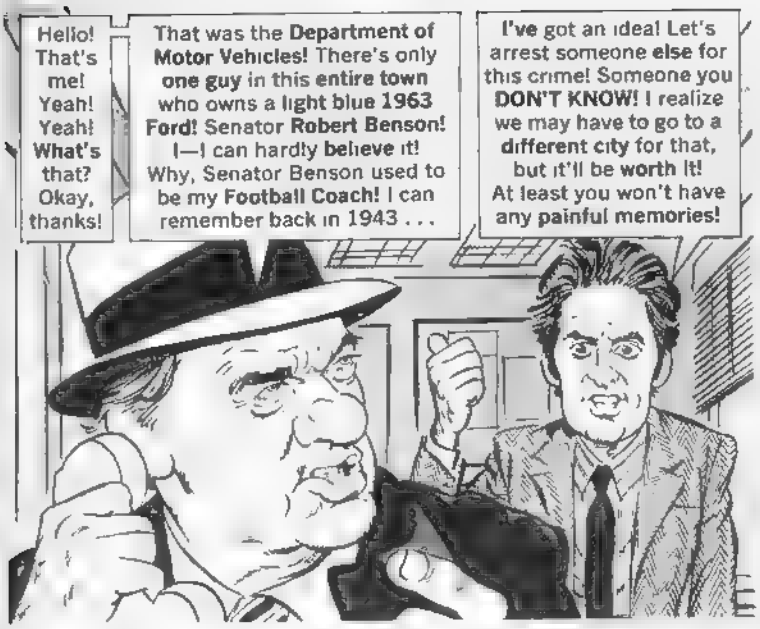
Well, I guess that narrows the field down to one guy!

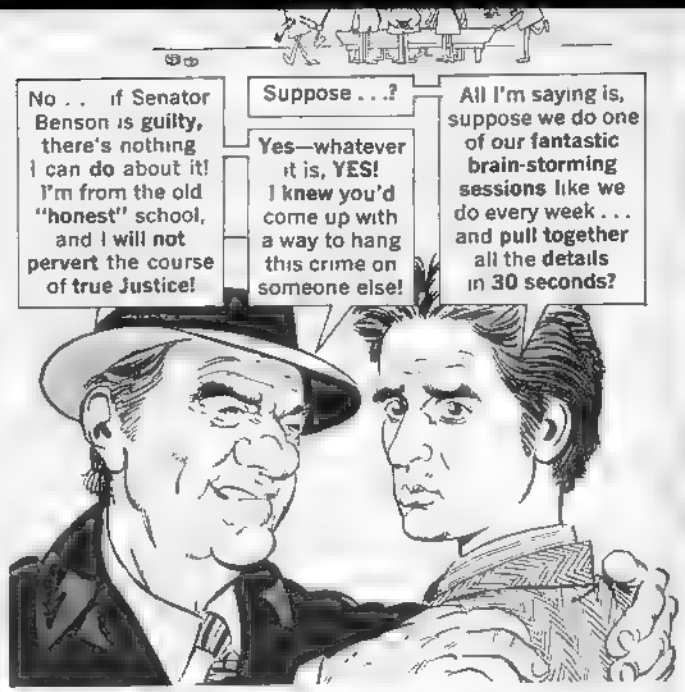
Right!! We arrest the Senator!!

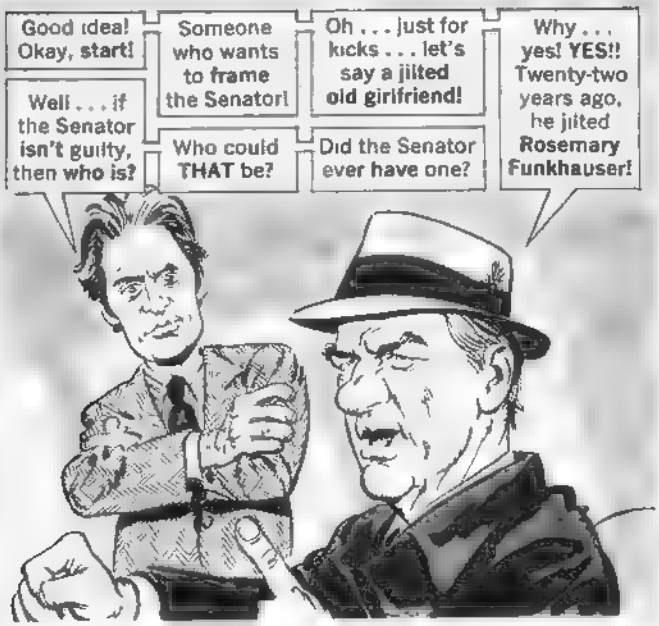
Hey, haven't you young guys ever heard of respect for authority?!?

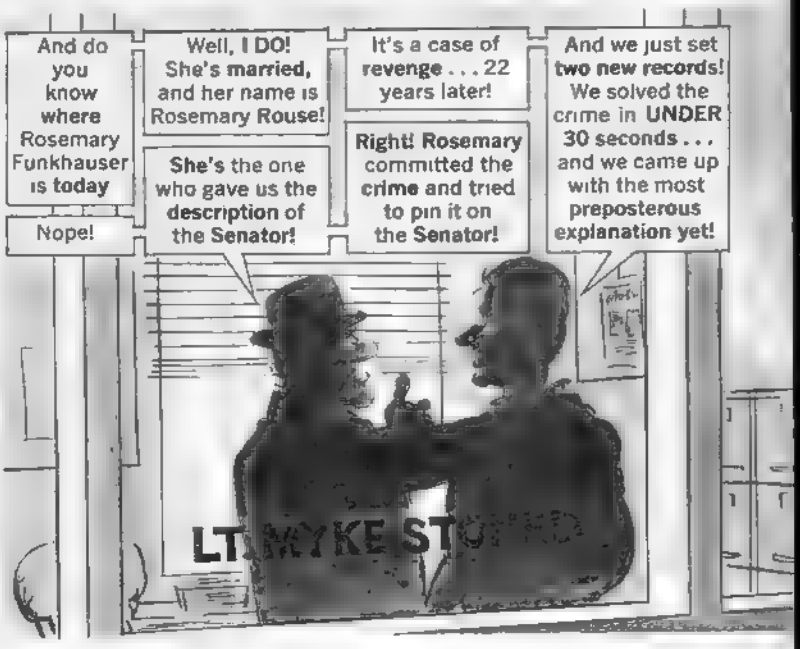
Hey, haven't you old guys ever heard of Watergate?

R-RING RING


Hello! That's me! Yeah! Yeah! What's that? Okay, thanks!
That was the Department of Motor Vehicles! There's only one guy in this entire town who owns a light blue 1963 Ford! Senator Robert Benson! I—I can hardly believe it! Why, Senator Benson used to be my Football Coach! I can remember back in 1943 . . .
I've got an idea! Let's arrest someone else for this crime! Someone you DON'T KNOW! I realize we may have to go to a different city for that, but it'll be worth it! At least you won't have any painful memories!


No . . . if Senator Benson is guilty, there's nothing I can do about it! I'm from the old "honest" school, and I will not pervert the course of true Justice!
Suppose . . .?
Yes—whatever it is, YES! I knew you'd come up with a way to hang this crime on someone else!
All I'm saying is, suppose we do one of our fantastic brain-storming sessions like we do every week . . . and pull together all the details in 30 seconds?


Good idea! Okay, start!
Well . . . if the Senator isn't guilty, then who is?
Someone who wants to frame the Senator!
Who could THAT be?
Oh . . . just for kicks . . . let's say a jilted old girlfriend!
Did the Senator ever have one?
Why . . . yes! YES!! Twenty-two years ago, he jilted Rosemary Funkhauser!


And do you know where Rosemary Funkhauser is today
Nope!
Well, I DO! She's married, and her name is Rosemary Rouse!
She's the one who gave us the description of the Senator!
It's a case of revenge . . . 22 years later!
Right! Rosemary committed the crime and tried to pin it on the Senator!
And we just set two new records! We solved the crime in UNDER 30 seconds . . . and we came up with the most preposterous explanation yet!

Well, Mrs. Rouse is on her way to jail, and, thanks to your generosity, Buggie-Boy, we are on our way to a glorious vacation in Japan!
What do you mean, "thanks to MY generosity"?!? I didn't buy these tickets, Myke! I thought YOU did!
ME?!? I thought YOU did! Here . . . let me see that envelope!

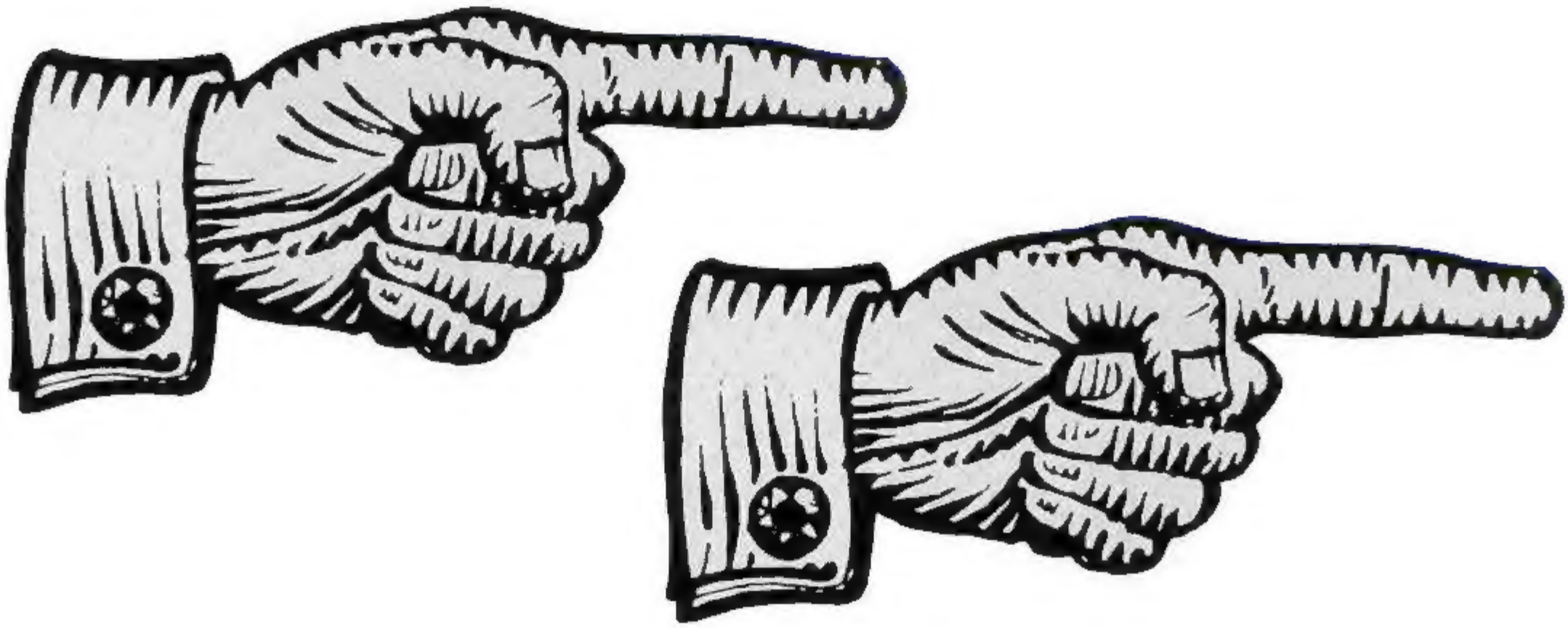
ANS WORLD AIRLINES
THESE ONE-WAY TICKETS TO
JAPAN
FOR DETECTIVES
STEVE FELLER
AND
MYKE STONED
ARE COMPLIMENTS OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Good Bye, Guys... and Good Riddance!!! Louse up the "Streets of TOKYO" for a change!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE DAY IN A LABORATORY

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS THE MOST EXPLICITLY TAUGHT SUBJECT IN THE WORLD?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Our modern teaching methods have suffered much criticism lately. But one subject is taught extremely well. To find out what that subject is, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

CRITICS ATTACK OUR OUTMODED TEACHING METHODS. SOME TECHNICAL PROBLEMS EXIST. MOST FACILITIES ARE ANTIQUES VIABLE ONLY WHEN THEY WERE BUILT. CLASSROOMS OF TELEPHONE BOOTH SIZE HINDER PROPER STUDENT SUPERVISION

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT IS THE MOST EXPLICITLY TAUGHT SUBJECT IN THE WORLD?

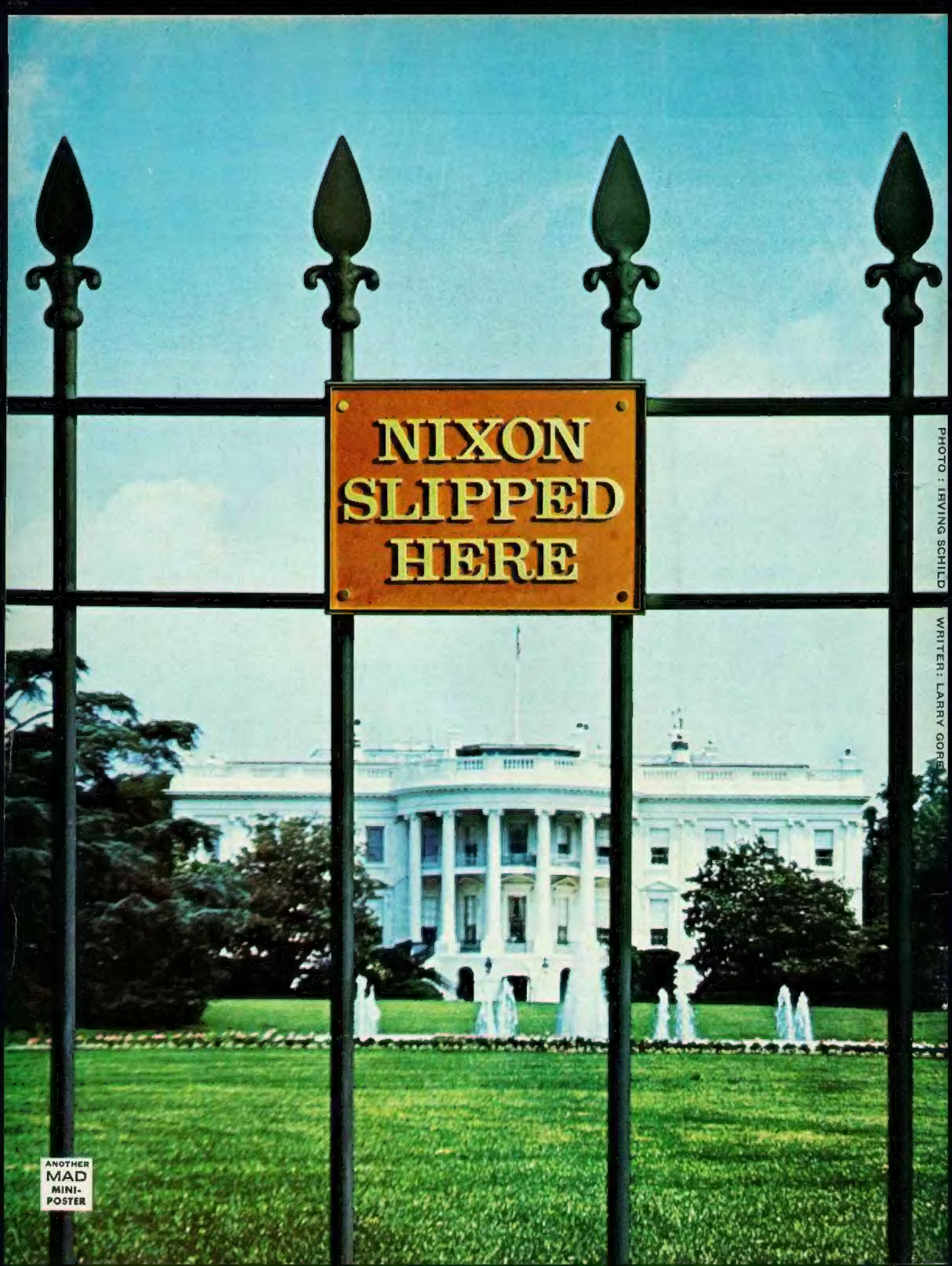
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

CRIME TECHNIQUES VIA TELEVISION

A▸◂B


NIXON
SLIPPED
HERE
PHOTO : IRVING SCHILD
WRITER: LARRY GORE
ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER